
THE
FATAL VISION:
OR, THE
FALL of SIAM.
A
TRAGEDY.

FATAL VISION

OF THE

FALL OF A NATION

THE

FATAL VISION

OF THE

FALL OF A NATION

A

TRAGEDY.

THE
FATAL VISION:
OR, THE
FALL of SIAM.

A
TRAGEDY:

As it is Acted at the New
THEATRE
IN

Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, 1716.

*I not for vulgar Admiration write ;
To be well read, not much, is my Delight.*

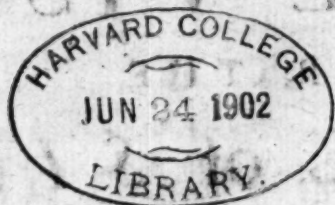
1st ed.
Horace.

LONDON:

Printed for Edw. Nutt, at the Middle-Temple-Gate, Fleetstreet.
Price 1 s. 6 d.

1716.

15423.57



Subscription fund of 1902.

T O

Mr. DENNIS, and Mr. GILDON.

Gentlemen,

A Generous Nature suffers no Misfortune else, with such severe Reluctance, as arises from an Obligation to pursue the little Arts of Flattery, which Custom, now-adays, has render'd necessary, in Addresses to the Powerful.

I, therefore, who have no Relish for Ambition, who neither court, nor wou'd enjoy, the Pomp of Grandeur; and who, amidst the gaudiest Attributes of Power, see nothing, worth my Envy, or my Wishes, but the still-neglected Means of making Merit, happy, and distinguishable; I, who have no Views, in Writings, of this Nature, but the Pleasure they afford me, can, with ease, pass by the Great in Title, and address my Application to the Great in Knowledge: Men, who, through the Gloom of Fortune's Shade, shine out, to the impartial Eye, with native Lustre.

I chuse out you, among the Kindred of the Muses; as you are their genuine Offspring: Men, who wou'd teach the World the Force of Reason; and give Pleasure, only to insinuate Instruction: Who wou'd support the Antient Dignity of your Profession; and behold, with Scorn, the Prostitution of an Art, design'd for Great, and Godlike Uses.

To know you for severe, and watchful Criticks, does not fright me from acknowledging your Worth. I see, and own, the Great, the Noble Usefulness of your Profession. Why has not the blind Goddess thrown your Lots, as high, above the Grovellers of Parnassus,

nassus, as we confess your Understandings? In spite of all the little, empty Differences, Forms, and Circumstances, of Condition, I look, with Pleasure, over Crouds of Titles, up to your Perfections; and behold you plac'd, even now, where length of Time, and just Posterity, shall fix your Memories.

You therefore, who are able to do Justice, both ways, who can distinguish Excellencies, and detect Absurdity; You best deserve the Labour of the Muses: And, to you, and not your Patrons, I ascribe this Tragedy.

There is, I find, a great Misfortune, which attends the Representation of a Play, whose Plot has any just Connexion, or Dependency of Scene. Our general Audiences consist of Men, whose Heads are bent a very different Way from what is necessary for a Taste of Poetry. And, being never moved by the affected, vicious, and unnatural Tone of Voice, so common, on our Stages; They sink insensibly, from that Attention, into which judicious Actors forcibly attract us; And, by that Means, lose the Thread of the Design: and, consequently, all the Relish of the Entertainment.

I need not tell you, that, without Attention, 'tis impossible for any Play to strike. Now, where it does not strike, 'tis as impossible to please: And, if it does not please, it never can instruct. So, here, we find the very End of all Dramatic Poetry destroyed, by that one fundamental Evil of a Player's Ignorance. I might, more justly, call it Obstinacy. They cannot, if they think at all, but know what is Natural, from what is Monstrous: But they are so accusom'd to a horrible Theatrical way of speaking, that, except in Mr. Booth, who is, indeed, a just and excellent Tragedian, you shall never hear so much as an Endeavour, at those thrilling Breaks, and Changes of the Voice; the only possible Expression of our Passions, in their Variations and Degrees, and which so sensibly alarm the Soul, and challenge the Attention of an Audience. If Grief, which claims a low, and broken Voice, is

utter'd in the Thunder of a Rant, what Mark has Rage to be distinguished by? Our Actors shou'd industriously forget themselves, and the Spectators; and put on the Nature, with the Dress, of every Character they represent. They shou'd not act, but really be, the happy, or the wretched, which we are to think 'em.

You will say, a perfect Actor is a Wonder, we must rather wish, than hope for: But, to shew, by what we have, what 'tis, we shou'd desire, he must, at once, be furnished, with the several Excellences following. The Face, and Stature, and no more, of Mr. Leigh, at the New House. The genteel Turn, and Softness of Address, of Mr. Wilks, together with his brisk, and lively Spirit. The Majesty of Mr. Keene. The Assurance of Mr. Cibber. And, to crown all these, Mr. Booth's sweet Voice, just Accent, and Solemnity of Utterance: And add to all, a Frequency, and Aptness, of expressive Gesture: with a Visage, capable of putting on at Will, the Lines, and Marks of every Passion.

As I am writing to such perfect Judges of the Drama, I look upon my self oblig'd to tell you, that I have endeavour'd to observe the Rules, with all the necessary strictness. And yet, at the same Time, indulge the Common Taste, for Fullness of Design, and Business, as our Players call it.

This New Essay to reconcile the Antient, and the Modern Plans, of Tragedy (the first Endeavour of the Kind) may, possibly deserve Improvement, from some future Imitator. Tho' I wou'd not, with the famous Mr. Bays, affirm the End, and sole Design of Tragic Writing, to be, as he expresses it, to Elevate and Surprize, yet I will offer it to your Decision, whether Admiration, tho' most properly the Business of the Epic Poem, may not merit to be added as a Third Requisite, to the Present Movers of the Tragic Muse, which, speaking strictly, stands confin'd to Terror, and Compassion.

I wou'd not, here, be understood to mean, that barren Kind of Admiration, which arises from Perplexity of Plot, produced from

buddled Heaps of Incidents, not naturally bringing on, and following each other; but that juster Passion, which we feel, from a Reflection on the strange Degrees, and various Means, whereby the Vices we correct in Tragedy, draw down upon a guilty Head, the very Ills, and Miseries, they were committed to avoid.

As this new Specimen of Tragedy is built, perhaps, upon the most Variety of Turns, and has a deeper and a more surprizing Plot, than any Play which has been publish'd, that I know of, in the English Tongue; and yet is written with a strict Observance of Dramatic Rule: And since it will appear, that notwithstanding this Respect which I have paid the Laws of Poetry, I have found room for Topical Reflection, large Description, Love, War, Show, and Passion: So I would, at least, propose it to the Enemies of Criticism, as a Proof (however otherwise imperfect) that Order does not, as they frequently object, confine the Ranges of a Poet's Fancy: But may, on the contrary, collect, make apt, and add to the delight of all those scatter'd random Beauties, which our Tragic Libertines have been so fond of.

The Moral I fate down to write upon was, to expose the dangerous Consequences of our giving way to Rage, and Rashness of Determination: Teaching, thence, how necessary 'tis, to hold a steady Rein upon our Passions; and consent to no first Ill, tho' with intent to guard against a threatening Greater.

*That I might be at Liberty to form the proper Incidents with less Confinment to my Fancy, I resolv'd to chuse no noted Character of History. Our distance from, and dark Ideas of, the Chinese Nation, and her Borders, tempted me to fix my Scene in so remote a Situation. The Fable is fictitious; and the Characters are all imaginary, even to the very Names, excepting only Uncham, common to the Emperors of China, as at Rome, the Cæsars. The Manners, and the Sentiments, are proper, because necessary to produce the several Ends, which form the Business of each Character. The Language is not labour'd, nor too low;: But such as I conceive
might*

might reasonably be expected, from the Persons we suppose to utter it. The common Tinsel-Ware, of Simile and Metaphor, I have little dealt in, unless when I attempt Description: There, you know, they are not only natural, but requisite. As to the Descriptions themselves, tho' very frequent in this Tragedy, you will not think they are too many, if you find, they are well touch'd, and introduced so aptly, as to be necessary, as well as ornamental, to the Business of the Play.

The Decoration, which, however slighted, or ill-understood, among us, is a fifth Essential: And without it, 'tis impossible but that the finest Tragedy must be maim'd, and strain on Probability, to this I paid a very great regard, in the Contrivance of the Play: And all the Dresses and the Scenes, were new: And such, who saw 'em, in the Representation, will confess them not unpleasing, and extremely differing from any thing which has been lately seen upon the English Stages.

The Unities I have preserv'd unbroken, every where. The Action you will find is single and entire. The Place confin'd to one Town only; And the Time within the compass of a natural Day, even at the utmost.

I will enlarge on nothing further, but to wish, That as on Tuesday next, the 6th of March, they act this Tragedy for Mrs. Roger's Benefit; who does so well and so agreeably perform a chief Part in it; the Readers of both Sexes, into whose Hands, before that Day, the Play shall fall, would give themselves the Pleasure to observe, with what a graceful Easiness she enters into the true meaning of her Character; and pay her the Applauses, which her great Experience of the Stage, and artful Application to its Business, so justly merit, from a knowing Audience.

I am, Gentlemen,

your most profess'd Admirer,

and your very humble Servant,

THE PROLOGUE.

WHEN rising Discord spreads her baleful Wing,
With chearless Voice the shadow'd Muses sing;
While capitious Faction wrests the wrong'd Intent,
And ev'ry Accent bears a partial Bent;
What shall the Stage in this Dilemma do?
Shall we at once court Truth and Falshood too?
Shall we assume the thriving Courtier's way?
And, flatt'ring both Sides, both alike betray?
Or, rather shall we, mindful of our Art,
Fearless, and just, make Vice in all Shapes start?
Unty'd to any Cause, but That alone,
Which Honour, Virtue, Truth, and Justice, own,
Bravely unbiass'd, draw the Sword of Wit,
And strike all Follies which all Sides commit?

Bold in this Aim, our Author bids me say,
The Tragic Muse has long mistook her Way,
Fall'n to Contempt, her Poets justly smart;
The fawning Wretches have undone their Art.

In ancient Times the Drama's generous Fire,
Did fearless Faith, and Strength of Soul inspire;
Taught Crest-fall'n Pride to blush with late learnt Shame,
And conscious Worth to weigh down guilty Fame;
Taught Poverty the Safety of Content,
And call'd none happy but the Innocent;

Made

Made fond Ambition feel her slipp'ry State,
And shew'd the Littleness of being Great.

—Then 'twas a glorious Toil for Bards to write,
And Pray'rs, and Praises did that Toil requite ;
Then their Apollo was the reigning God,
And Tyrants trembled at the Poets Rod ;
But now, base Flattery stains the sinking Stage,
And Prostitution has extinguish'd Rage :
Now mercenary Brows pollute the Bays ;
And he, who pays the Scribbler, wears his Praise :
Now, Pegasus is grown a Hackney-Jade,
And Hero's rise and fall, like Stocks in Trade.

Disdainful of these sordid Views, to Night,
The Author strict Attention would invite ;
On China's distant Coast the Scene he draws,
A Nation famous for her Arts and Laws :
No doubtful Hint, no Party-glances, here
Shall, to disturb divided Minds, appear ;
While in our Plot the Punishment you see
Of Superstition, Rage and Cruelty,
Whose Moral thoughtless Youth may well apply,
And safely steer their stormy Passions by :
Sit and observe, and if you, mov'd, depart,
Let wish'd Applauses own a feeling Heart.

T H E

Persons

Persons Represented.

UNcham, Emperor of China.

Omalco, his Eldest Son.

Zarodin, his Youngest Son.

Selim, a Favourite Eunuch.

Sizangar, Captain of the Guards.

Orontes, General of Siam.

Ipanthe, Daughter to the King of Siam.

An old Hermit.

Arbanes, a Chinese Officer.

T H E

[I]

THE
FATAL VISION:
OR, THE
FALL of SIAM.

ACT I

SCENE, *A Palace in the City Sofala, in Siam.*

Enter, at several Doors, Sizangar and Arbanes.

Sizang. **W**HAT! *hoa! Arbanes!*

Arban. Brave *Sizangar*, hail!

Sizang. Canst thou inform me of the Fav'rite Eunuch?

Arban. Mean you Lord *Selim*?

Sizang. He.

Arban. Yonder he comes,
Full of glad News, and seeks the Emperor's Presence:

[*Exit Arbanes.*]

Sizang. This Eunuch Statesman, with his Woman Face,
Has more than manly Strength of Mind in Council:
As if, throughout that shrill, that unmann'd Race,
Wrong'd Nature, conscious of th' unlov'd Defect,

B

En-

The Fatal Vision: or,

Endeavour'd hard, with reconciling Gifts,
 To pay the Mind back, what the Body lost.
 Oft have I wonder'd, and 'tis strange to see!
 When, 'midst a learned Throng of list'ning Senators,
 This Whey-fac'd Orator displays his Eloquence,
 While Reason dances to his treble Pipe,
 How *Sense*, acknowledg'd, gives the Lye to *Sound*,
 And blushing Manhood feels diminish'd Pride!
 A happy Fortune wait upon your Wishes,
 Most noble *Selim*! Pilot of our State!

Enter Selim, with a Letter.

Selim. Thanks, valiant Leader: Wou'd you ought with me?

Sizang. I would, if Time permits, unfold at large
 A Secret worth your Notice.

Selim. 'Twould be well
 You chose some fitter Hour; for, now, I go,
 A glad Partaker of the Publick Joy,
 To hail our Royal Master.

Sizang. May the Gods
 Thus ever bless him! [Exit Sizangar.]

Selim. May your Wish prove happy!

*As Selim passes inward, through an Arch of the Palace, he
 meets the Emperor, attended by his Officers and Guards.
 He kneels, and delivers the Letter, which the Emperor, ha-
 ving seated himself on a Throne, seems to peruse with Plea-
 sure, and then speaks.*

Uncham. Bless'd be the Gods of *China*! *Siam's* Tow'rs
 Have fail'd, at last, their haughty Keeper's Hopes!
 Their proud *Orontes* now shall boast no more
 A Fame unstain'd: Yon beamy God, the *Sun*,
 Still, as he rolls his fiery Wheels round Heaven,

Smiles

The Fall of S I A M.

3

Smiles downward on me, and thus glads my Reign :

Speak, Eunuch, Does he not?

Selim. For your great Sake,

He warms your *China's* Plains with partial Favour ;

Did the wide Universe, united, bow

Before *Our* Monarch's Throne, *Our* God would shine

With equal Benefit on all Mankind :

The sandy Wilds of scorch'd *Borneo's* Shore

Wou'd rise to flow'ry Banks ; and Bow'rs of Bliss !

The Icy Poles wou'd melt in Seas of Joy !

Cathaia's frozen Cliffs depose their Snow,

And sink to Surfaces of new-born Beauty !

Uncham. *Selim* ! I would not die. Methinks, 'tis poor,

And sets me on a Level with my Slaves,

To know, that Death has wider Pow'r than I.

When *Siam*, *Zeilon*, and the rich *Jappu*,

The proud *Mogol*, the distant *Abyssine*,

Who rules the sooty *Æthiop* ; when these kneel

And call Me Lord ; when *Africk* trembles at me,

And the wide Tract of tawny *Tartary*,

And boasting *Europe*, fam'd for Arts and Arms,

Shall fall before me ; Then ! in this wish'd Point !

Death to this Thought of Death—It stings my Soul.

Selim. When Princes, full of Years, and Glories, die,

They not lose Being, but begin to Be ;

For those we now call Gods, were Men, like You ;

But dyed to Live, as you, now, live to Dye.

Uncham. Imaginary Godship suits not me !

Selim, thy Skill in worldly Policy,

Has better recommended thee in *China*,

Than these *Japonian* Lectures of Futurity.

Give Me to taste *This* Life ; and, for *Hereafter*,

I leave it to the Gods, who know it best.

A Flourish of Trumpets.

I

B 2

Enter

The Fatal Vision: or,

Enter Omalco, Zarodin, and Soldiers. The Emperor rises, and comes forward.

Uncham. Welcome, brave Sons, your hoary Father's Pride
Come to my Breast, *Omalco*, Eldest born,
Thus let me thank thee! Next, my *Zarodin*,
Last born, but equal in our Love, come Thou!
But say, begin; and charm our ready Ear
With full Description of your purchas'd Glory.
I sent you to compleat the Overthrow
Of *Siam's* Pride; say, How succeeded you?

Zarod. Scarce had we reach'd old *Sagra's* fruitful Plain,
When certain Horse-men, sent to view the Foe,
Return'd with News, that their collected Pow'r,
Urg'd by the untam'd Spirit of *Orontes*,
Quitted their Fastnesses, on *Ava's* Hills,
And mov'd to meet us: Sir! the Men we led
Then, first, felt Fear; and shiver'd as they march'd.

Uncham. Ha! shiver'd! Did they fear a beaten Foe?

Omal. They had not, Sir, forgot that dreadful Day,
When, by your Royal Hand, the Monarch fell;
And his fair Daughter first became your Captive!
When Slaughter, blushing at her wastful Labour,
Sunk, shame-fac'd, down, beneath the Sea she shed,
While *Thirogamba's* Bank stood drown'd in Blood!
They bade each other call to mind, that Day,
The Wounds receiv'd, and giv'n, by this *Orontes*;
How, through our wond'ring Ranks, he hurl'd his Rage,
And drove swift Death before him!

Uncham. This I know;
And how lewd Victory, ravish'd from my Hand,
Stood Neuter, to indulge a Boy's Resentment,
And saw him, four long Months, defy my Arms!
But I expect what is; not what has been!

Zarod. Drawn near, and stretch'd in terrible Array,

The Fall of S I A M

53

Both Armies rais'd, at once, a deaf'ning Shout;
Assaulted Heav'n flew upward, from the sound;
The Mountains trembled; and the wounded Plain
Groan'd horribly, beneath our weight of War!

Omah. High Noon shone o'er us, and the full-grown Day
Glow'd, with religious Awe, beneath her God;
Whose busy Rays acted a Herald's Part,
And flash'd return'd Defiance from our Swords,
Which, drawn by thousands, glitter'd in his Beams:
While the soul-quick'ning sound of Drums and Trumpets,
The waving Banners, and the nodding Plumes,
The Neigh of Horses, and the Clang of Arms,
Usher'd the Battle on, in dreadful State!
Furious, like warring Winds, we rush'd together;
And met, with deadly Shocks on either side;
The pompous Beauties of the marching War,
Were lost in the Encounter: mingling Deaths
Effac'd the flow'ry Sweetness of the Plain!
And the hack'd Edges of our clashing Swords,
Beneath an Arch of Fire, that sparkled from them,
Snatch'd high from one grim Wound, to ward another,
Rain'd show'rs of Blood around, on Horse and Man,
'Till Life became disguis'd with all Death's Horrors!

Selim. This was, indeed, a Battel!

Uncham. Worthy Me!

Zarod. Oft have I trod the Crimson Paths of War;
But never found the Road so rough before;
Long toil'd we on, against a Tide of Blood;
When now *Orontes*, high amidst his Train,
Alike distinguish'd by his Arms and Courage,
Cry'd to his dreadful Squadrons, to remember
They had a Royal Mistress to redeem,
And ow'd Revenge for her Great Father's Fall;
That they, now, fought, not for their Country's Honour,
But for its bleeding Liberty; which, lost,
Their poor defenceless Children lay, expos'd

To

To Murder, and their Wives to nameless Wrongs;
 Then, rushing forward, with destructive Force,
 He threw himself amidst our thickest Ranks,
 And acted Horrors, which, alike, amaz'd
 And frighted the *Gibinian* Infantry,
 Who pierc'd, look'd round, and shook, and fled before him.

Uncham. What Pity, that this Man was born in *Siam*!

Omal. At last he came, where a white Elephant,
 Mad with unnumber'd Wounds, had thrown his Ruler,
 In wild, unguided Fury, lash'd the Ground;
 And mow'd, with his huge Trunk, the throng'd Array:
 With bloody, broken Tusks, ran grimly on,
 And push'd promiscuous Crowds, of Friend, and Foe.
Orontes, as he brush'd the boist'rous Beast,
 Rose in his Seat; and, lifting high his Arm,
 Buried a Jav'lin in his monstrous Side:
 The smarting Elephant, revengeful, roar'd,
 And, as the Warrior's Horse, stop'd by the Turn
 Of rallying Troops, sid'ling, obey'd the Spur,
 Gor'd him retreating; the disdainful Steed
 Snorted, plung'd forward, threw his Heels aloft,
 Shook fierce his bloody Reins, and snuff'd the Wind;
 Impatient, beat the Ground, and foaming wild,
 Rose in erected Rage, and paw'd the Air!
 'Till tumbling backward, on his Rider's Breast,
 Foil'd, and encumber'd, by th' unwieldy weight,
 And, overborn by Numbers, we disarm'd him.

Zarad. O'ercoming him was all: The Troops of *Siam*,
 Lost by their Leader's Loss, on all sides fled.

Uncham. Great, by my Throne! I long methinks, to see
 How he becomes Captivity.

Omal. His Soul
 Unbow'd, beneath his mighty Load of Woe,
 Looks down serenely on his Conqu'ror's Triumph!

A Flourish of Trumpets.

Zarad.

The Fall of S I A M.

7

Zarod. Those Trumpets speak him here.

Uncham. Give him Admission.

[Exit Arbaces.]

Uncham reseats himself on the Throne.

Enter Sizangar.

Sizang. Hail to our Glorious Monarch, and his Fortune!
Ipanthe, struggling with a storm of Grief,
For her own Ruin, in her Gen'ral's Fate,
Presses to be admitted.

Uncham. Let her come.

Enter Ipanthe, in Mourning.

Omal. (*Aside*) How lovely looks her Sorrow!

Zarad. (*Aside*) Killing Grief!

Omal. Behold your Captive, Sir, the Great Orontes.

Enter, on the other side, Orontes guarded; he expresses Surprise and Grief, at the sight of Ipanthe; and, neglecting the Emperor, comes forward, and kneels to her; who raises him, weeping. After some Pause, the Emperor speaks.

Uncham. Are we neglected? Or does this dumb Scene
Rise from the strong Oppression of their Grief?

Selim. 'Tis deep Condolement of their mutual Loss!

Oront. Well did those Bramins judge, who taught Man first,
The use of Passive Valour! Yet, how low,
How poor a Thing is Life, depriv'd of Pow'r
To act, as well as suffer! wretched he!
Who, seeing others wretched, cannot cure
The Ills he pities! O! Divine Ipanthe!
Do not reproach me with those killing Tears,
They gall Remembrance with your Father's Death,
Your ravish'd Sceptre, and your lost Condition,

AH

All unreveng'd alike, and all my Shame!
 Why shou'd such Virtue doubt the Gods Assistance?
 Thou art so like Themselves, they needs must love thee!
 Oft, when the Strength of *Humane* Courage fails us,
 Lost in the Mazes of perplexing Woe,
 Some *unseen* Power holds out a Friendly Clue!
 O! cease to weep—Words have their Weight to wound us,
 But 'tis not in the Pow'r of Man, to bear
 The *silent* Eloquence of Female Sorrow!

Ipant. Where Hope can lean, tho' ne'er so weakly prop'd,
 'Twere poor to let it sink: But I, expos'd,
 A helpless Orphan, and in shameful Chains,
 What Hope shou'd I presume to cherish here?
 When my Great Father liv'd, I hop'd indeed,
 Nor did I quite despair, while you were free;
 But All's now lost! Ev'n *Siam* is no more!
 Yet I reproach you not: What Man *cou'd* do,
 You, nobly, *did*; and, till *Orontes* fell,
 His Country stood: That Truth my Justice owes you.

Oront. I fell indeed! fell horribly! O'erwhelm'd
 Amidst the Ruins of my sinking Country!
 Sure, there are Powers above, who guard the Just!
 I had not wonder'd, if my failing Sword
 Had fought the Cause of Pride; or vain Ambition:
 But I submit—The Gods are Absolute!

Uncham. (to *Oront.*) My Soul, unapt to prize an Enemy,
 Won by the manly Magic of thy Virtue,
 Confesses thou art brave! And thou, *Ipanthe*,
 Fair, and of Form engaging: *Siam*, now,
 Is mine, and I bestow it, at my Will;
 What say you then, if, by an Act of Grace,
 Which, tho' your present Fortune cou'd not hope,
 Your Virtue merits, from a Conqueror's Mercy,
 I re-instate you, and restore your Country?

Omali. Hear, and confess, that *China's* mighty Chief,
 Unmov'd by wild Ambition, makes not War
 To widen Pow'r, but find more Room for Mercy.

The Fall of S I A M.

9

Zarod. Who, after this, will dread the Growth of Crowns?

Oront. The unhear'd Natives of the frozen North,
Whose wand'ring Vessels seek our Shores for Gain;
Far from the Sun, and dark in their Ideas
Of Heav'n's distinguish'd Plan of Sov'reign Rule,
Dread Growth of Crowns; because, in those chill'd Climes,
Power, rip'ning slowly into Excellence,
Degen'rates to Oppression, starv'd in Soil,
And nipp'd by the cold Winds of clam'rous Faction.

But in our Eastern Garden, where the Plant
Of Genuine Majesty permits no Weeds,
When needless Thirst of Rule drives Princes on,
The Star of Power, grown dreadful, shines no more,
But, Comet-like, glares red, with bloody Beams!

If, Royal Enemy! this hapless War
Rose, only from mistaken Sense of Wrongs,
And you, content with dire Revenge, decline
Poorly to keep what is not rightly yours,
Then 'twas but Passion's Sally, not your Crime;
Then, not rememb'ring you, as *Siam's* Foe,
I will look up to the *Chingan* Throne,
And say, it merits to stand firm for ever.

Ipant. Unhoping Favours from that cruel Hand,
I came, to tell you, Life was grown a Burthen;
To urge, accuse, and sting you, with Reproaches,
'Till your rais'd Rage had giv'n the Death I sought:

But your Repentance has transform'd my Purpose,
This timely, new-assum'd, Humanity,
May make me half forget, who kill'd my Father!

Uncham. Your Father ow'd his Death to Chance: Just so,
Might I have fall'n by him; but give that Thought,
To the dark Winds, which blow Remembrance blind:
Now, to the Cause, thro' which your Fortune smiles!!

If I mistake not, for 'tis long, indeed,
Since I was young, and skill'd in Love's soft Art,
My Sons, *Ipanthe*, wear their Captive's Fetters!

Oft have I mark'd an ill-dissembled Passion,
 Ev'n now, you see, their conscious Blushes own it;
 Why— Be it so— Take him you best esteem,
 And he shall share, with you, your Father's Throne;
 So, may your Kingdom flourish, once again,
 And Love's soft Balm shall heal the Wounds of War.

Selim. (Aside.) Unlook'd for Proposition!

Omal. (Aside.) Happy Day!

Zarod. (Aside.) Inspire her, Love!

Oront. (to Ipant.) But, that it were Presumption
 To interrupt your awful Eloquence,
 By joint Surprise, and Indignation, fir'd,
 I cou'd grow fond of Noise, and seek Revenge
 From fruitless Words, like Woe-bewailing Woman!
 But Thunder's Voice shou'd roar in such a Cause,
 No mortal force of Sound can tune the Rage,
 Which ought to agitate affronted Virtue!
 But soft—I'm calm: Contempt is best reveng'd
 By Scorn: And, bearing well, we punish most.

Uncham. (rising.) Ha! has the Offer made the Honour cheap?
 Thus, do you thank —?

Selim. Indulge the Voice of Grief:
 Perhaps, the Captive Gen'ral loves *Ipanthe*.

Oront. Who does not love *Ipanthe*? Love her? Yes!
 Why live I, but to love her? — *(to Ipant.)* Pardon me,
 I wou'd have said to *serve* her. *(to Uncham.)* Proud Success
 Has dazled Reason: Else you wou'd have seen,
 Tho' Chance has made her lovely Person yours,
 Her Mind, unconquer'd, triumphs o'er Captivity:
 And scorns to barter honourable Chains
 For Shame, and Liberty.

Uncham. They call me Rash!
 Witness, thou all-discerning Eye of Heav'n,
 And, once, confess me Patient!

Omal. Blest *Orontes*!
 It seems, the grateful, the indulgent Princess,

Mindful

The Fall of S I A M.

11

Mindful how much her Glory ow'd your Courage,
Has judg'd a Soldier's Breast a safe Retreat,
And, kindly, leaves her Love at your Disposal.

Oront. (*Aside.*) How has unwary Jealousy expos'd
A Secret, dang'rous to my Hopes, and me!

Ipant. (*to Oront.*) Has, then, my Loss of Freedom so reduc'd me,
That ev'n *Orontes* treats me like a Slave!
When, Sir, did I invest you with a Right,
To dictate to me, and direct my Love?

To the Emperor.] At you, whose Chains I wear, I wonder not:
You do but exercise a Master's Power:
But know, I had a Father once; who taught me,
That a low Fortune only breaks low Minds;
No Change of Circumstance can change *Ipanthe*:

Yes! my mov'd Soul can rise against Oppression,
And still grow stronger, as my Wrongs encrease.
And, is it thus, you wou'd restore my Kingdom?
Shall it be said, that, eager for a Crown,
I, monstrously enjoy'd it, with the Son
Of him, who dispossest my murder'd Father?
What! warm his widow'd Throne with impious Love!
How dar'd you harbour Thoughts like this, of me,
Whose Veins the Royal Blood of *Siam* fills?
Where shall I hide my Face, in dark Retreat,
Forgotten, and Forgetting? O vile View!
A Prison, after this, can give no Pain.

[*Exit Ipanthe, follow'd by Omalco and Zarodin.*]

Uncham. 'Tis well! This Insolence, at once, reprove,
And punishes, my Sin of Lenity.

'Tis not for Kings to pity: I renounce
Tame Mercy, for it blunts the Edge of Majesty!

Selim — Attend me. I shall find a way
To break this stubborn Fierceness. You, *Sizangar*.
See him confin'd in the *Sofalian* Tow'r,
And guarded strictly. [*Exeunt Emperor, Selim, and Guards.*]

Orontes. How weak, alas, is the Restraint of Guards
Upon a Man, who scorns to live Unfree!

Why? if 'twere fair to ask! why did the Powers,
Who govern Love, and War, forsake my Cause?
Unbroke to Insults, conscious of no Crime,
Deserving Ills like these, how has Fate reach'd me?
Are the Gods partial? No: — Or, were they partial;
Impious Complaints wou'd but provoke them more!
But why wrong I the Gods? They act no Ill;
We owe them all Things: There's such odds between us,
That, crush'd with Woe, Man cannot bear, from Heav'n,
What Heav'n, accus'd unjustly, bears from Man.
What, then, in this Extreme, remains to do?
Look inward, Soul! Ay! There I find a Cure
For all these Evils: There's a strength in Virtue,
Which bids the Vanquish'd triumph. These weak Chains
Want Pow'r to bind me: Fetter'd as I am,
The Tyrant, whose Ambition put them on,
Is more a Slave. The Man, who conquers me,
Must bind my Soul: *Orontes*, else, is free! [Exit guarded:]

The End of the First Act.

ACT

ACT II.

SCENE, A Prison. Orontes sitting.

Oront. **W**ounded! Defeated! Taken! and in Chains!
 How finish'd is my Woe! Yet Apprehension
 Is wounded deeper, deadlier far, than I!
Siam, where art thou! Unauspicious *Sagra*!
Ipantbe is a Slave! And what *Orontes*?
 All, All, is lost! where now are those big Views,
 Which lately flatter'd my presuming Love?
 Vast Change of Ill! Then, far above my Hopes,
 Aw'd by her Pow'r, I trembled, looking up;
 Now, gazing downward on her alter'd State,
 I more despair! For 'tis not, now, her Heart,
 Desire must pant for: Lost *Ipantbe's* Will
 Obeys *Ipantbe's* Masters! Fruitless Thoughts!
 I have no claim, ev'n were her Choice left free;
 My Hope, untimely urg'd, was kill'd with Scorn!
Starts up.] But, what has Love to do, amidst Destruction?
 Cou'd I redeem her; give her back to *Siam*!
 Revenge her Father's Death! were all this done!
 Oh! vain, delusive Prospect! — What art thou?

Enter Selim.

Selim. A Friend to every brave Unfortunate.

Oront. I think, the Fav'rite Eunuch!

Selim. The Wise, and Brave;

Well know, that Minds, enlarg'd by free Reflection,
 Outstretch the narrow Prejudice of Custom:

Hence, I, a Foe to *Siam*, see your Worth;

Yes, tho' your Arms were hostile, see your Worth;

And, seeing, gaze with Admiration on it.

Oront. 'Tis greatly said : And, tho' I bend my Eye,
With all the Earnestness of Observation,
And Caution of a Faith, too oft deceiv'd,
I cannot read a Traitor's Look about you.

Selim. When first I saw, and heard, the Great *Orontes*,
Love of his Virtue fir'd my languid Soul,
And bade me serve the World, I cou'd not imitate.

Oront. I wou'd not, poorly, say, I am oblig'd;
I wou'd ~~act~~ Thanks, not ~~speak~~ them. Take my Will, I know it
'Tis all my Power! Deserving Recompence,
You must have learnt, that Virtue's best Reward
Is her own conscious Excellence!

Selim. If, possibly, You doubt my Truth, name some most ardent Wish.

Oront. What is there, worth a brave Man's Wish, but Liberty?

Selim. Possess that Liberty: But, ere 'tis given,
Great Warrior, know, tho' much your Glory charms,
A stronger Motive has engag'd me yours.

Oront. Amaz'd, I listen, and expect your Tale!

Selim. Long ere the Rise of this unhappy War,
When *Siam* flourish'd, and *Palanca* reign'd,
Led by Desire of Knowledge, from *Japan*,
My Native Clime, I cross'd the spacious East,
And, after various Toils, and Perils past,
Arriv'd in *Siam*.

Oront. *Siam* then was free!

Selim. Not distant far, from the *Memandrian* Tow'rs,
Your Monarch's Residence, *Tromaia's* Lake
Extends its vast Immensity of Surface;
You cannot but remember, that the Way,
'Twixt *Azebar*, and *Ophis*, forces Travellers
To cross that mighty Lake.

Oront. I know it well.

Selim. Embark'd. and, yet, in sight of Land, a Storm
Rose, on a sudden, toss'd us Mountain-high,
And bulg'd our driving Vessel on a Rock:

The Fall of S I A M.

15

All perish'd, but my self, reserv'd by Heav'n,
For your Deliv'rance; void of Sense or Motion,
The pitying Surges cast me on the Shore;
Chance led a solitary old Man thither,
Who bore me to his homely Residence,
All Nature was his Study; and he knew
More than plain Science taught: For he was read
In the mysterious Book of dark Futurity!

Oront. Ha! Say'st thou? dark Futurity? where dwelt he?

Selim. Have you not heard of *Thracæ's* famous Hill?

Oront. I have.

Selim. Some two Leagues East ———

Oront. Hold! for I dream!

Or I — The House stood shelter'd, did it not,
By seven tall, aged Palm-trees?

Selim. Just seven such.

Oront. Ye Pow'rs! Let me, still closer, chase my Wish;
Mark if I err — 'Twas Northward from the Brow
Of a wild Precipice, immensely horrible,
And painful to the Sight! The curdling Blood
Chills in his Heart, who treads the dang'rous Cliff
For, from th' out-jutting Top, a dreadful Steep
Falls many a Mile direct: The dizzy Eye
Akes with Contraction, and grows dim, in vain,
To search th' unfounded Bottom. From a Cave,
Which, many a Fathom low, gapes, black, and dismal,
A rushing River, rolling headlong down,
Dashes the sounding Rocks, with deafning Roar!
The starting Traveller, misled by Chance,
Stands in the Wind, and trembles to look down
Upon the vast Variety of Horrors!

Selim. Something like this ———

Oront. But like? Oh, hear me on!

For sure my Hopes have Reason! To the East
The Prospect soften'd: Cross the shining Lake,
A distant Glimmer from the waking Sun

Gilds

Gilds the bright Domes of *Menan's* Palaces.
 And, to the West, beneath a hanging Hill,
 Two verdant Meadows stretch their flow'ry Bosoms,
 Whose grassy Skirts meet, o'er a winding Rill,
 Which sweetly trickling thro' th' entangled Spires,
 Creeps ling'ring on, pleas'd with the soft Obstruction.

Selim. The Man himself —

Oront. Ay, say? The Man himself
 Was grave, but not reserv'd; was it not so?
 Short was his Beard, and spreading: Grey with Years;
 His Eyes look'd soft with his Humanity;
 Deep Wisdom sat on his unfurrow'd Brow,
 Majestick, without State: His Tone of Voice
 Was gently piercing?

Selim. Right!

Oront. And his Name?

Selim. *Agarthen.*

Oront. Poor, as you saw that Good, that Humble Man,
 He was *Orontes'* Father!

Selim. Well I know it;
 And thence my Purpose springs.

Oront. Oft, full of Tears,
 His venerable Arms enclos'd my Neck!
 When, last, he press'd me to his knowing Bosom,
 My Son, said he, thy Fortune will be Great,
 But greater far thy Toils! Retire, with me,
 And thou art happy! But the World requires thee,
 Why should I strive against the Will of Heaven?
 I wonder'd at the Darkness of his Words,
 Nor thought, that all he spake, was Inspiration.

Selim. But listen; I have wander'd from my Purpose:
 Recover'd by his skilful Charity,
 I urg'd him to propose some fit Reward;
 The Time will come, says he, when my *Orontes*
 Shall owe to you, what now you owe his Father!
 Be grateful, and be blest! Then he presag'd
 The present Honours I possess in *China*,

And

And much he said of you ; and much of Siam :
Let it suffice, at present, that I tell you,
This is the lucky Hour, that he foretold.

Oront. But, said he nothing of the fair *Ipanthe* ?

Selim. You name *Ipanthe* with a Zeal, like Love !
And, now I call to mind that Start of Rage,
Which, lately, burst the Bars of your great Soul,
I stand confirm'd.

Oront. Alas ! my humble Birth
Forbids that high Presumption !

Selim. Great and brave,
You owe that Glory to your own Desert,
Which others meanly borrow, from a Race
Of rais'd Forefathers. Come, I know, you love,
And *Selim* shall assist you to deserve her :
I hazard Life ; but what is Life, compar'd
With Virtue's Charms ? The raging Emperor
Sent me, ev'n now, with Orders to your Keeper,
Sizangar, Captain of the Royal Guards,
That he, on Pain of Death, shou'd suffer none
To see you : But it happens luckily,
That he has something to impart, of moment,
And is, by my Appointment, to disclose it
Anon, without the Gate ; where a lone Vale
Secures wish'd Secrecy : You, in his Absence,
Observing well th' Instructions I shall give,
Escape, disguis'd ; nor leave the lov'd *Ipanthe*,
Now on the Western side of this strong Tow'r.

Oront. Some unknown Pow'r, propitious to her Vows,
Has blest expecting Virtue ! Gen'rous *Selim* !
Grow to my Bosom : Let this strict Embrace
Engraft thee on the Soul of thy *Orontes*.

Selim. We shou'd be cautious ; Busy Ears may catch
Our Voices ; we may talk, with far less Danger,
Under the Covert of yon friendly Gloom :

There, I'll disclose the Depth of my Intent;
And lift your Hope, at once, to Love, and *Siam*.

Oront. From this auspicious Hour, let none, but Men
Who merit Misery, despair of Bliss!
Small Ills alarm not those, who rule above,
Most like a God, a God asserts his Pow'r:
When Man's too feeble; when no Eye, but Heav'n's,
Can pierce the gloomy Circle of our Woe!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *Another Part of the Prison, Ipanthe,
Omalco, and Zarodin.*

Omal. I dare no longer urge rejected Love,
Obdurate Silence speaks resolv'd Disdain!
The Pain *you* give me, wou'd, indeed, be Pain,
But that you give it me! By you inflicted,
The Cause, that makes it mighty, makes it mild.
Illustrious Maid! I shall, no more, presume
To vex your Ear, with my unmoving Sorrow!
Unworthy, I forbear to hope in vain.

Zarod. No want of Worth shou'd bar a Lover's Plea:
Such Modesty is Guilt, where Women judge.
Were equal Merit to the Object lov'd,
Requir'd from ev'ry Lover, then, how bold,
How blind, the Man, who durst address *Ipanthe*!
But I read Mercy in that lovely Frame;
There dwells a soft Divinity about you,
Which moves, at once, your Vot'ries to adore,
And you, to pity!

Omal. *Zarodin*, you err!
That gentle Breast, warm as it is, with Pity,
Is cold, and chearless, to the Foes of *Siam*:
Her Country's Ruin; and her Father's Death,

The

The Fall of S I A M.

19

The Guilt of Conquest, and the Chance of War,
Draw down the Vengeance of her Hatred, on us!

Zarod. I wish, the fatal War had never been,
Or been less bloody; but *Ipanthe*, then,
Unknown, was unoffended: Had your Charms
Oppos'd our Armies, what your Father's Sword,
Successless, fought for, had been gain'd by you,
And *Siam* had not fall'n. Nay, why these Tears?
You wou'd upbraid us, that you lost a Father:
The Conqu'ror of that Father has two Sons,
And both devoted; you may chafe your Victim.

Omal. From the dark Shades, which hold your Father's Ghost,
If yet his Spirit wanders, or where'er
New Form his transmigrated Soul inspires,
He will look back with Joy, to see *Ipanthe*
Fill his forsaken Throne! This cannot be,
But, with a Partner, of *Chinese* Race;
Let that Reflection move you! Wretched *Siam*
Weeps Tears of Blood: Those Tears your Pity dries,
And your lost Country, thus restor'd by you,
Will bless the charitable Love, that saves them.

Ipanthe. Won, by the Force of Reason, to reflect
On my lost Freedom, and the Means, propos'd
To seat me in my mighty Father's Throne,
I blush to tell you, Time, perhaps, may move me,
But Thoughts, like these, shou'd, still, be slow of Growth,
Nor ripen, rashly, into fix'd Resolves!
Warm'd, by Reflection's Beams, they spring, in season,
And reach Maturity, by just Degrees;
Nor have I yet inform'd you, that *Ipanthe*
Has set a Price upon her worthless Love,
I fear, above your Bidding!

Zarod. Name that Price——
It cannot be too dear, if Life can buy you.

Omal. The Toil looks tempting, in a brave Man's Eye,
Which leads to the Reward of Love, or Virtue.

The Fatal Vision: or,

Ipant. Young, and without Experience how to judge
Of artful Man: I know not which to name!
But, since I must impose, on him I chuse,
A dang'rous Trial of pretended Passion,
It shall be him, who dares do most to serve me.

Zarod. 'Tis I.

Omal. 'Tis I.

Ipant. Nay! Both it cannot be.

Omal. What *Zarodin*—may dare, himself best knows;
But this he dares not —

Zarod. Dares not what, *Omalco*?

Omal. Out-dare a Brother, in the Cause of Love.

Ipant. Princes, forbear. Disputes, like these, are vain:
Would you convince me of superior Worth?
This fair Occasion shall be given you both:
A Wretch has injur'd me, beyond Expression;
But Vengeance dwells not in a Woman's Hand!
Were I to lay the Crime before your View,
The Crime, which you must needs confess, most black;
Most horrid; most incapable of Pardon;
Fir'd with an Indignation, worthy Love,
What would you do to right me?

Omal. All, that Man
Can justify, to Virtue, and the Gods.

Zarod. I guess th' Offender — And, he justly dies:
Justly; tho' much, indeed, his Glories merit;
Affronted by a Love, so far beneath you,
What could you, less, decree?

Ipant. But, he's a Man,
Who will not fall with Ease, nor unreveng'd:
His Courage, great, and dreadful as his Crimes:
No common Hand can execute the Deed;
Danger goes with it! But you both are bold,
And, doubtless, oft have seen the Face of Death,
When dress'd in all her Terrors: You have ask'd

Ipanthe's

Ipanthe's Heart: *Ipanthe's Heart* must now
Be sold, not giv'n: The Price, this, this, must pay;

[*Draws a Dagger, and throws it at their Feet.*]

He, then, who bravely strikes the destin'd Steel
Through the vile Breast of this offending Man,
Is best entitled to *Ipanthe's* Love.

Zarod. Who-e'er the Man, oh! that the Love were *Zarodin's*!

Omal. *Ipanthe's* Enemies are mine; her Foes
Are Foes to Virtue, and must fall, unpitied:

(*Aside.*) The brave *Orontes* must not fall unheard,
He cannot, sure, deserve such Punishment!

And, yet, the mild, the merciful, *Ipanthe*
Decrees his Fate! How can he, then, be Innocent?

She wou'd not punish in another's Breast,
What makes her own illustrious! 'Tis some guilt

Beyond my ghesling — But whatever Sin
Her Sentence has condemn'd — I'll think no more!

The Task be mine —

Zarod. No! Be it mine, bright Maid.

[*Both stoop together for the Dagger.*]

Ipanthe. Hold! Ere you seize the fated Weapon, swear,
Swear to be Men, and use it in my Cause.

Omal. Secure, that nothing, which you dare commend,
Will make Obedience Guilty: As a Proof

Of my unweighing Love, *Omalco* swears;
By those Two Pow'rs, whom, most, his Soul invokes,
He swears, by Love, and Thee:

Zarod. By the Great Throne,
My Royal Father fills!

Omal. By Heav'n's bright Eye,
Yon rayous Sun! and the fair Moon, his Sister!
By all the twinkling Train of starry Gods,
Which smile on *China*!

Zarod. By all these, I swear,
He dies, whom you shall name:

Omal. By me.

Zarod.

Zarod. By me.

Omal. Now, name the Man:

Ipant. Wretches! — You call him Father.

Why starts your Courage? Is your Love struck dumb?

That, speechless, you receive my first Command?

Whither is all your boasted Passion fled?

Your wondrous Darings? — Are your Oaths in *China*,

Loose as your Laws? Cool your great Flames already?

Presuming Men! Vain of your bloody Trophies,

Did you believe, a Woman cou'd be charm'd

With Murder? and Reward her proud Destroyers!

Away — be gone —! Slave, as *Ipant* is,

She cannot bear your Insolence of Love.

[*Exit Ipant*]

Omal. Trembling, I wake, as from some shocking Dream,

Oppress'd with Horror! All amaz'd! and wild!

And doubtful, if my Senses yet deceive me!

O, *Zarodin*! why lov'd I this *Ipant*!

How cou'd that spotless Form conceal a Mind,

So stain'd with Cruelty? Forgive, ye Powers,

The needful Breach of my tremendous Vow;

Nor call it Guilt; which saves me from such Sin!

Zarod. Miss'd to swear, I trouble not the Gods,

For needless Pardon: — 'Tis enough, for me,

To know my self disdain'd, — scorn'd, I can scorn:

Let puling Lovers sigh a dull Despair,

And double-arm their Idol's Vanity!

Weak is the Wretch, who dreads the Female Thunder!

Which roars indeed; but has no Bolt to strike with.

Disdain's a fancied Ill: No Woman's Rage

Is worth a Man's Regard, who loves discreetly.

[*Exit Zarod.*]

Omal. Farewell, Remembrance of mistaken Beauty:

I lov'd her greatly! Love does wondrous Things,

But cannot make me Parricide, or Traitor.

Unhappy as I am, I'm Innocent;

And that speaks Peace to my afflicted Soul:

This Loss is Gain! since her un pitying Heart

The Fall of SIAM.

23

Is swell'd with Rage; and steel'd with fierce Disdain.
Yet, she is Heavenly fair! Hid o'er, with Charms!
Through ev'ry Feature shines enchanting Grace!
A softer Soul had made her all Divine. [Exit Omalco.

Enter, on the other side, Orontes.

Oront. As I approach the object of my Hope,
My Fear comes on me! Still this Cloud of Love
O'ershadows Resolution!

Ipanthe re-enters; and starts at sight of Orontes.

Royal Maid!

Start not: Nor wonder, that you see *Orontes*
Free, and unguarded: Heav'n looks kindly now;
And *Siam* may, once more, erect her Head.

Ipanthe. Oh! Earth! and Heav'n! If thou can'st quit the Cause,
Of Virtue, and the toilsome Paths of Honour,
Who will, henceforth, unwearied, tread them more?
Fortune, and Liberty, are mighty Blessings:
But, Oh! too dearly sold, when Virtue buys them!
Cou'd I have thought, *Orontes* wou'd be free,
To plead the Cause of those, who ruin'd *Siam*?

Oront. Guiltless, I tremble, at the black Idea
Of that detested Crime, which thou, bright Maid,
So little knowing, dost so well describe.
But, wrong me not:— *Orontes* brings you News,
Will better please you: I am, doubly, free;
The mighty Heiress to *Palanco's* Throne
No more a Slave, her *Siam* shall not fall.

Ipanthe. Were there the faintest Ray of distant Hope
For these unlikely, too unlikely, Joys,
I might, perhaps, forget your late Offence,
When, rudely, you insulted my Condition;
And, publicly, declar'd affrontive Love.

Oront.

Oront. If 'tis a Crime, to Love, how great my Guilt!
 I'd kneel for Pardon, were Repentance possible!
 But, force me not to aggravate my Fault,
 By Breach of Vow! If I shou'd promise you
 No more to act this dear, this tempting Crime,
 That promise were, itself, a greater Sin.
 Had Heav'n ordain'd, that none but Kings shou'd love you,
 Heav'n had not bless'd a low-born Wretch, like me,
 With Eyes to see your Beauty; or a Soul,
 To taste that Excellence, which shines within you!
 If, being lowly born, disgraces Worth,
 Where is the Call to Virtue? Race, and Name,
 Are but the Equipage, and Noise, of Honour:
 The truly Noble are not known by Pomp;
 But inborn Greatness, and diffusive Good,
 Trace boasted Ancestry to its first Rise,
 And start, to see Pride's humble Origine!
 The honest Herdsman, who begot a Son,
 Whose Son usurp'd a Crown, had frown'd with scorn,
 And gen'rous Indignation, to have known,
 His titled Off-spring e'er shou'd blush to own him!

Ipant. Forbear these useless Arguments: And know,]
 When Time shall serve, I need not be instructed
 To place a proper Value on Desert.
 A Prison ill becomes a Theme like this;
 And, while I wear these Chains, to urge Desires,
 You durst not aim at; or conceal'd, before,
 Looks, not like Love, but Insult:— Or my Hope
 Missed my Apprehension, or, but now,
 You told me, *Siam* shou'd again be free:
 So great, so glorious, an Attempt, once crown'd,
 Entitles you to name your wish'd Reward.

Oront. I will not give that wish'd Reward a Name,
 'Till I, so, claim it— Soon that smiling Hour
 May come! For Great *Cambaia's* Monarch frowns
 On *China's* Fortune: And the strong *Pegu*,

Trem-

Trembling with Apprehension, feels the Fate
Of bord'ring *Siam*: Both, with joint Resolve,
Arm, in Alliance, and prepare for War:
Nor are *your* Subjects otherwise subdued,
Than, as they want a Head: They look abroad;
And emulate their Warlike Neighbours Hopes:
Already are the wasted Ensigns rais'd;
Proudly they curl, and wanton in the Wind,
And fan the marching Squadrons,——From a-far
The Drums hoarse Summons, and the Trumpets Call,
Are heard, delightful: ——The rows'd Elephant
Rears his huge Trunk for Battel; grins with Wrath,
And inly ruminates the promis'd Ruin.
The sprightly Steed, pricking his warlike Ears,
Starts, at the shrill Alarm, snorts, and blows wide
His smoaky Nostrils; stamps, and foams, and paws;
And trembles, with the Rage of Expectation!
Fiercely he throws aloft his high-arch'd Neck,
Wild, and unbent; and, while the whistling Wind
Plays, gaily dreadful, through his quiv'ring Main,
Bounds, without Rule, and neighs along the Field.

Ipant. This active Genius of the States, yet free,
Serves but to whet my sense of Slavery!
I wou'd not hear, what others do, to save
Their Country, but, what Means are left for me,
For me, and *Siam*!

Oront. 'Tis for that, I live.
Ere yon diminish'd Moon has fully wan'd,
*Ipant*he, free as Air, shall see *Orontes*
Lead on her rally'd Armies, to assert
Recover'd Freedom, and her Right to reign.
I cannot, now, at large, relate the Cause,
To which we owe this Fortune; but the Eunuch,
Who, next the Throne, rules all——

Ipant. What! honest *Selim*?
Oft, since I first became a Captive, he,

Full of Humanity, and noble Virtues,
Has sought Occasion to oblige, and comfort me.

Oront. Ere many Moments pass, he will be here,
And you are free: But he has wisely caution'd,
That we submit our Persons to disguise;
Lest Chance betray our Hopes: The Road we take
Is full of Dangers: To this end, he brings
An Ointment, which will stain me to the Hue
Of a black *Æthiop*. That enchanting Form
Must change its proper Ornaments, and wear
A Man's Appearance. Give Success, ye Pow'rs!
To this Attempt; and who shall dare, henceforth,
Deny your Influence o'er the World below?

Ipant. Till I may be, at large, inform'd, of all
The unghes'd Causes of a Turn, so strange,
I will content my self with silent Wonder;
And bless the Gods, unknowing!

Oront. Let us expect, within, the near Return
Of friendly *Selim*; while I, there, unfold
The Plan, which Heav'n has form'd, to make you happy;
And, if, amidst the interrupted Tale,
Forgetful, I offend your Ear, with Whispers
Of something, foreign to the purpos'd Theme,
Will you not promise me, to pass it by,
And call it Transport? Will you quite condemn me,
If I presume to beg, that, being free,
You will permit the Wretch, who gave that Freedom,
To wear your Chains, and call himself your Slave?

[*Exit Ipanthe.*]

Forgive, grave Pow'rs, who rule yon azure Plains,
If untim'd Love unfinish'd Glory stains!
Our Golden Hopes are burnish'd by Desire,
And all Life's Dross melts down, before Love's Fire.

The End of the Second Act.

ACT

A C T III.

SCENE, *The Foot of a Hill, near the Gate of the City, with a Prospect of a Cave.*

Enter Selim, and Sizangar.

Selim. (Aside.) THIS must not be! Time shou'd be gain'd for Thought!

Sizangar. I approve your good Design :
Where Secrets, of such Consequence as this,
Lodge in a Subject's Breast, not to disclose them
Were passive Treason. Is your Letter sent?

Sizang. Wise Sir, it is. The Emperor receiv'd,
And read it, seem'd surpriz'd ; and bade me come
At close of Day, and I shou'd be admitted
To secret Conference, in the Royal Closet.
I left the Presence strait ; and hasted hither ;
Impatient for your Counsel, how to act.

Selim. 'Twas wrong : I shou'd have been advis'd with first,
Ere you had giv'n that Paper. — (Guide me, Heav'n,
To find some swift Prevention of this Ill!)

They say, *Sizangar*, when *Caimantha*, first
Was banish'd, you attended her ; I think,
I never heard her Story perfectly ;
As it relates to this unhappy Man,
'Tis needful, I shou'd know it. — This gains time!

Sizang. My Lord, I am well vers'd in all that Tale,
And will, at large, instruct you. — When *Caimantha*
Was first made Empress, she engross'd the Heart
Of our Great Monarch : and continued lov'd,
'Till, having borne the Princes, first *Omalco*,
And then young *Zarodin*, she grew at last,

A third time pregnant: Then it was, that *Uncham*
Made that rash Vow, that if a Son was born,
Himself, who gave it Life, wou'd give it Death.

Selim. Ay! but the Cause? Why made he that rash Vow?

Sizang. Our Monarch, in his youth, was apt to dream,
And, oft, his Dreams were fatal: Thrice, one Night,
His Sleep was broke, with the repeated Vision
Of hoary *Charilac*, the God of Groves;
Three Times the Emp'ror kneeling, ask'd, what Fate
His Reign shou'd end in? And, as oft, distinctly,
The visionary God, thus answer'd loud:

“Curs'd for thy Crimes, *Caimantha* bears a Son,
“Whose prosp'rous Virtue shall attain thy Crown,
“And give thee Death, deserv'd by bloody Deeds.

Selim. The sport of Fancy!

Sizang. Yet, so much it mov'd him,
That, publickly, he bow'd before the Sun,
And made that solemn Vow; I told but now,
At large, what follow'd: By a dead-born Daughter,
Which made the Illth he fear'd impossible,
'Twas hop'd, his Mind wou'd strait recover Ease;
But Fate refus'd it; and, from that curs'd Dream,
Caimantha lost his Love; and grew more hated,
Till he decreed, at last, her Banishment.

Selim. What Place appointed he, for her Reception?

Sizang. Remote from *China's* Coast, there lies an Isle,
Whose Shores are wash'd, by the *Bornean* Seas;
Astran, I think, its Name; Desert, and Wild!
Fit scene of Sorrow; and a Seat for Woe.
Bound towards this dismal Isle, with sev'n Attendants,
A small, but faithful Train: A prosp'rous Gale
Swell'd our spread Sails; and, right afore the Wind,
We plow'd the foamy Billows: Till, one Night,
Sailing by Moon-light, close along the Shoar
Of huge *Sumatra's* high, and rocky Coast;

Far, in the East of Heav'n, appear'd a Cloud,
Of Form unusual : 'Twas, in Magnitude,
Like a young Moon ; an Edge of angry Red
Glow'd round its dusky Centre : Long we gaz'd ;
And long 'twas motionless ; but, on a sudden,
Dreadful, it spread ; and darken'd all the Sky.
A rattling Show'r pour'd heavily upon us ;
And the Sea swell'd, with angry Jealousy,
As if another Sea were emptying on him,
Still, as the Rain increas'd, so rose the Wind ;
And loudly whistled through our bursting Sails,
From ev'ry Corner of the gloomy Heav'ns,
A thousands Tempests blew, a thousand ways,
And ev'ry single Tempest seem'd a thousand.

Selim. Methinks, I feel the Storm : 'Twas, sure, most dreadful !

Sizang. Above our frightened Heads, loud Thunder roar'd :
Below, the yawning Deep out-roar'd the Thunder.
Now rose th' unguided Ship, above the Hills,
By which we sail'd : Now fell, beneath their Roots :
Till shooting down a steep, a watry Vale,
Tremendous Depth ! a Mountain Wave roll'd in ;
O ! Horror ! After this, she rose no more.
The helpless Hull lay found'ring in the Deep,
When, by a sudden Glare of crooked Lightning,
Which, with a swift, a momentary Flash,
Darted Distinction through the horrid Gloom ;
I saw the Empress grasp the tottering Mast ;
And wildly staring, with loud Shrieks, implore
Impossible Assistance ; till the Sweep
Of a huge Billow wash'd her from her Hold.
I know not by what Means, but, when the Ship
Was broke, I fasten'd on a friendly Plank,
And, scarce alive, was driv'n ashore, and sav'd :
The only, who escap'd that horrid Wreck.

Selim. Unhappy Lady !

Sizang.

Sizang. Much I pitied her:
And, had she liv'd, the Secret I disclose
Had been a Secret still.

Selim. I love thy Honesty;
And, as I seek thy Interest, will advise:
Methinks, thou shouldst not —

Enter Arbanes, with a File of Soldiers.

Arbanes. Sir, the Emperor,
Transported with a sudden Storm of Rage,
Sent me to seek you: Something he has heard,
Moves him unusually; and he commands,
That we permit you not to waste a Moment.

Sizang. What can this mean?

[Offers to go.]

Selim. *Sizang*, stay.

Arbanes. Great Sir, the Emperor's Orders,
Sudden, and fierce, oblige us, instantly,
To bring *Sizang* to the Royal Closet:
And, as we left the Court, Orders were giv'n,
That you, Lord *Selim*, should attend him straight.

[Exeunt Arbanes, Sizang. and Soldiers.]

Selim. If I should force his Stay? Oh! 'twou'd discover,
Twou'd ruin all. O! Earth! and Air! This Day,
This Hour —

*Enter Orontes, like a Moor, with Ipanthe in the Habit
of a Man.*

Orontes! pity me. O! sweet *Ipanthe!*
I meet you not with Joy, as I design'd:
I cannot now secure your wish'd Escape;
Swift Danger interrupts my pious Aim,
And, 'stead of saving you, I lose my self:
My Son, my best lov'd Son, is doom'd to die!

Orontes. An Eunuch's Son!

Ipanth.

Ipant. Your Son? what mean you, *Selim*?

Selim. I am no *Selim*. Pity me, *Ipanthe*,
I am a Woman: An unhappy Woman;
My Name *Caimantha*; and the Wife of *Uncham*.

Ipant. The shipwreck'd Empress!

Selim. Shipwreck'd as I was,
The Gods preserv'd me, for a Woe more great.
Oh! you have heard of *Uncham*'s bloody Vow,
What shall I do! my Tenderneſs deceiv'd him,
He then was abſent; warring with the *Tartars*.
Help Heav'n! I gave it out; and he believes,
I bore a lifeleſs Daughter—'Twas a Son:
I hope, ſtill living—Haſte, *Orontes*, with me,
Thy Valour, or thy Eloquence, may ſave him.
Haſte, ere he dies—fly, fly, and, as we go,
I will inform thee —

Orontes. But *Ipanthe*'s Safety!
How will that be expos'd!

Ipanthe. Amazement chills me.

Selim. Amidſt yon Rocks, obſerve a pendant Tree,
Which ſeems to over-hang the upmoſt Cliff:
Beneath its Shade, you ſee a lonely Cave;
There lives a Hermit, void of worldly Cares,
Old, Good, and Wiſe; tell him, Lord *Selim* ſent you;
Orontes, haſte.—Thither, when we return
We come, to ſeek you.

Ipanthe. Never, till this moment,
Felt I ſuch inward Horror!

Orontes. Royal Maid!
Accuſe me not, that I neglect your Safety;
When I thus leave you, all expos'd to Chance;
Humanity, and Gratitude, combine,
And, indiſpenſibly, require this Abſence:
But, if the Pow'rs —

Selim. O! waſte not Time, in Words;
The vaſt Importance of the Danger calls;
And only Haſte can give me back my Son.

Orontes.

The Fatal Vision: or,

Orontes. Make to the Cave; and, be the Gods your Guide.

[*Exeunt Orontes, and Selim.*]

Ipante. How shocking this! where we expected *Selim*,
We find *Caimantba*! Thought is lost in Wonder!
Yon Heav'n alone, who knows the Cause of all,
Foresees the dark Event. But, ha! what Hazards,
May good *Orontes*, by his Honour led,
Run, in a Stranger's Cause! What's this I feel,
As if *Orontes*' Danger mov'd me, more
Than all the Woman's Fears, which just now, shook me?
Has my chang'd Dress inspir'd my Breast with Courage,
Becoming what I seem? Or, is it — Heav'n!
What was I naming? — yet, he's brave, and great,
And, shon'd he fall, (I cannot ask my Soul
That dreadful Question) what were Life without him?

[*The Hermit appears, at the Mouth of his Cave,
and comes down the Hill, reading.*]

The Hermit that : — his venerable Form,
And that abstracted Sanctity of Air
Declare him. Happy he! his humble Fate
Gave him no Royal Father to lament;
No ruin'd Country to deplore; no Birth,
To check his Wishes; and, perhaps, no Wishes:
He looks, as if he knew not what Love means.
He sees me not; and hark! I think, he speaks.

[*The Hermit comes forward.*]

Hermit. Ha, ha, ha —
'Tis pleasant, to observe the busy Impotence
Of mad Geography! How like our World
Is theirs! The Universe is all the same.
The East, West, North, and South, united Parts
Of one prodigious Brotherhood of Folly.
Why, what a Pother does this flatt'ring Wretch
Make, with his *Alexander*! what was *Alexander*?
A lucky Thief, who, escaping Punishment,
Grew proud of Guilt; and triumph'd in his Shame:

The Fall of SIAM.

31

A Man, who, scorn'd of Wisdom, courted Fortune;
And, wanting Judgment, to distinguish Dangers,
Rashly subdued 'em: But to ill a Judge
Of Nature's Meaning, that he broke his Rest,
And made his own Life wretched, for the Pow'r
Of giving others Misery! Pray Heav'n,
This *Alexander's* Soul mislead not *Urchum*!

[*Exit Hermit*]

Ipantbe. He goes; the good, old, Man! I'll follow him:
And, from his sage Discourses, gather Balm,
To cure the wounded Quiet of my Breast.

[*Exit Ipantbe*]

Trumpets within.

Enter *Omalco*; and *Zarodin*, follow'd by a Band
of Soldiers.

Omalco. 'Twas through this Eastern Gate, they saw 'em pass;
Which way they bent is doubtful. *Zarodin*,
What think you, if the Guards ascend the Mountain?

Zarodin. 'Twere proper; for the Road which leads to *Manan*,
Lies just o'erthwart its Brow.

Omalco. [To the Soldiers.] Command the Horse
To form two Bodies; one, let *Arcan* lead:
The other, *Saraphil*: By different ways,
Let 'em furround the *Martabanian* Rocks,
And meet at *Ocris*; while, with heedful Eyes,
You climb, from Cliff to Cliff, and search the Hill.

[Some Soldiers go out, and others ascend
the Hill.]

It shocks me, *Zarodin*, to think, *Saraphil*
Could prove a Traitor; yet, I fear, 'tis so.

Zarodin. 'Twere most ungrateful! Much our Father loves him,
Or had not given *Ipantbe* to his Care.
But, tell me, By what strange Suspicion led,

Made you this great Discovery?

Omalco. Oppress'd
With sad Remembrance of our dreadful Vow,
And painfully reflecting what shou'd move
So black a Purpose, in a Virgin's Soul,
I trembled, at a sudden Flash of Fear,
For our great Father's Life: For Women's Passions,
More violent than ours, and less control'd
By Reason, hurry on; and, often, find
Prodigious Means, to act prodigious Ills.
Shock'd at the likely Danger, I resolv'd,
Once more, to visit the enrag'd *Ipanthe*,
That so, if possible, I might discern
Her true Intention; but I found the Prison
Unstrictly guarded, and the Prisoners fled;
Yet not so secretly, but they were seen:
Pursuing them, I met you, at the Gate,
Reviewing, luckily, the Tartar Guards:
I sent our Father Notice, and advis'd him
To seize *Sizangar*.

Zarodin. Haste we, tow'rs the Wood,
Our Horses wait us there. Swift let us be,
The least Delay in us, may give them Safety.

Omalco. Ha! *Zarodin*! The guiding Gods have sent
Ipanthe hither. See! the artful Maid!
'Tis she. Love knows her, through her weak Disguise.

Zarodin. What bearded Animal is that, who walks
So near her?

Omalco. 'Tis the old *Acandrian* Bramin;
Whose Virtues all Men speak of: Stand we close,
Behind this jutting Rock; so, shall we hear,
What they discourse; perhaps, *Orentes* follows.

[*They retire, behind a Scene.*

Re-enter

The Fall of S I A M.

35

Re-enters the Hermit, with Ipanthe.

Ipanthe. 'Tis wondrous moving, Father, all you say!
Methinks, the World, instructed by your Precepts,
Might learn to judge of Happiness, like you:
But you neglect Mankind; and, living, thus,
Retir'd, and lonely, few can see that Worth,
Which, seeing, all, perhaps, might imitate.

Hermit. Alas, good Youth! Thou hast not learnt to know,
That Man is feeble; not averse to Virtue;
For Virtue cannot woo the Soul in vain:
But, indolent, and all enlaid to Sense,
We see the Pleasure-baited Hook of Sin,
And, seeing, gape, to swallow it. We know,
But, knowing, will not toil, to shun, the Net,
That bitter-hearted Sweetness spreads, to take us.
Supinely thoughtless, all misled by Appetite,
We judge Things good, or ill, not as they are,
But, as they quadrate with our wild Desires.
'Tis not the Task of such a Worm as I,
To influence the World, with Sense of Virtue:
Then only Reason charms, when link'd with Pow'r:
Aw'd to Attention by the last, the first
Prevails insensibly: But humble Truth
Wants Height to be conspicuous, midst a Croud
Of tow'ring Falsehoods, and the Pomp of Sin.
Stay, gentle Youth, I slake my daily Thirst,
At yon clear Spring, which, gushing from the Hill,
Falls murmur'ing on the Grot, that lies below:
The Path is craggy; and I ghes your Feet
Unus'd to rugged Ways. I'll strait return,
And lead you to my Cave. [Exit Hermit.

Ipanthe. Charm'd by the Virtues, which adorn this Man,
I grieve with Shame, that I, so long, mistook
The Pride of Courts for real Happiness.
Now Judgment widens; and I see with scorn,

That Rich, and Poor, the Vulgar, and the Great,
 Are false Distinctions. 'Tis the Mind alone,
 Shou'd give the Man deserv'd Preheminence.
 'Tis strange to think, how Heav'n distributes Blessings!
 Had *China's* Throne a good, great Monarch in it!
 How happy were the Nations he commands!
 Instead of that, it bears a Wretch, whose Height
 Of Station serves, but to direct his Eye
 To far-spread Mischiefs, and more wide Oppression.
 While, here, a Man, whose Virtues, on a Throne,
 Wou'd bless the Wretched, and make glad the World,
 Sleeps on a Bed of Stone; and drinks cold Water!
 Save me! surround me, all ye pitying Pow'rs!

[*Going out, meets Omalco, and starts back.*

Omalco. To try her Strength of Soul, I'll, yet, conceal
 That I discover her. Whence comes it, Stranger!
 That you, a Man, and arm'd, stare at a Man?

Ipanthe. Not at a Man, I start! I know not Fear:
 But it surpriz'd me, in this lonely Vale,
 To meet the mighty Heir to *China's* Throne.

Omalco. You know me then! To me your Person seems
 A Stranger. Tell me, what you are, and why,
 Alone, and frighted, as you look'd, but now,
 Tread you this craggy Way?

Ipanthe. A Friend to Thought,
 And Contemplation, oft, I thus retire:
 Muse on the Woes of Life; and shun the World.

Omalco. I doubt, young Man, those Thoughts are oft employ'd,
 On Themes illegal; and I, thence, command you
 To follow me to Court,

Ipanthe. Command me, Sir?
 Your sceptred Father has not Pow'r for that;
 I serve not *China*: Born in free *Pegu*,
 I boast a Native Liberty; a Liberty,
 The Man, who wou'd destroy, must conquer first.

Omalco. Thou wou'dst dispute it then?

Ipanthe.

Ipanthe. Proud Prince, I would
Be thus convinc'd, [Draws.]

Orontes! if I fall,
Thou wilt revenge me. Better die, unknown,
Than be a Slave, discover'd. [Aside.]

Omalco. Hold, brave Maid!
Forgive me, that I dispossess your Hand
Of this ill-manag'd Sword. Those killing Eyes
Have deeper wounded me, than this could do.
I know *Ipanthe's* lovely Face, too well
To be deceiv'd by Dress. Thou cruel Charmer!
Why did the Powers, who made thy Form divine,
Not give thy Mind a softness?

Ipanthe. Am I known? *Omalco.* I know thy Face,
And treated thus, by one who, lately, swore,
He lov'd *Ipanthe*?! Heav'n, unmanly Wretch,
Your mighty Courage has o'ercome a Woman.
But, thou art *Unchan's* Son, and, in that Name,
I call thee all, that all thy Crimes deserve.
O! hadst thou heard, but now, an old Man's Thoughts,
Thou wou'dst have trembled, to compare thy Deeds
With what thy Deeds shou'd be.

Omalco. That old Man's Thoughts
I shall, at Leisure, hear, nor hear unpleas'd:
My Brother seiz'd him, as he went from you,
And leads him to the Town. But, now, *Ipanthe!*
Where is *Orontes*? Lay aside this Rage,
Which ill becomes your Fortune, or your Sex:
Forget the bloody view of your Revenge;
And, if I must not call my self your Lover,
Receive me, as the Servant of your Will.

Ipanthe. If, conscious of base Guilt, from me you fear
The dire Revenge, your Father's Crimes deserve,
Your Fears are needless: Vengeance is not mine,
The Gods will pay it: But those Gods have, now,
Try'd you, by fair Occasion, to disclaim

Your

Your Father's Vices ; so, renouncing Guilt,
 You shun their Anger : Wretched, and forlorn,
 You see a helpless Orphan, in your Pow'r.

What hinders, but you give me back a Liberty,
 Whose Loss can only gain you the Reproach
 Of Tears, in anxious Bitterness of Soul,
 By acting thus, *Omalco* proves his Mind
 Gen'rous, and Noble : All the World will join,
 To bless that Hand, which makes the Wretched happy.

Omalco. Charm'd by the magic Force of mortal Beauty,
 I half forget, my Father's Life depends
 On her Confinement, O dissembling Maid !
 Remember, how your artful Cruelty
 Misled my Passion to a bloody Vow.
 How know I, but, even now, *Orontes* seeks
 Occasion, to compleat your barbarous Wish !
 Disclose the Place, in which he lies conceal'd,
 And, by my Great Forefathers awful Names,
 My self will set you free, and see you reign,

Ipanthe. Shall *Siam's* Princess sell a brave Man's Life ?
 What greater Villany cou'd *Chino* do ?
 Shame on your proffer'd Grace ! Load me with Chains :
 And, that my woe may be, at once, compleat,
 Insult me, hourly, with your horrid Lovel !
 I'll bear it all, unmov'd, *Orontes*, free,
 Shall make you tremble, and revenge my Wrongs.
 Ere this, beyond the reach of your Prevention,
 He sends his Name before him ; rouses *Siam*,
 And arms the Vengeance of an injur'd People.
 Now, lead your Captive ; and enjoy your Triumph !
 I will not shrink from Fate. Or, see, I'll lead
 The way, and bid my Conqu'ror follow me.

[Exit *Ipanthe*.

Omalco. How I admire this Woman's haughty Soul !
 Curse on the needless War, which made us Foes.
 These are thy Trophies, O perplex'd Ambition !

What

What Man, when he begins to practise Ills,
Can fix a Point to end at? Siam's Fall,
Productive of a thousand rising Woes,
Gives *China* Curses; and *Omalco* Scorn.

A C T IV.

SCENE, *The Emperor's Closet. Sizangar alone.*

Sizang. **W**HY thus delays the Emp'ror his Approach,
When, with such Haste, they brought me?
Something, sure,
Of great Importance, holds him. I propos'd
To warn, and save him, from the Death, foretold,
By his Son's Hand: 'Twas not a trifling Offer!
All is not well! A silent Check, within,
Reproves my Purpose: True; *Caimantha*, living,
Rais'd me to all I am; *Caimantha*, dead,
Shall I, so rais'd by Her, betray her Son?
Base Breach of Trust! She gave him to my Care,
And, if I now discover him, he dies.
That's black! And yet, if I betray him not,
He kills my Master; or the Vision lies.
Well: Be it, as it will: 'Tis now too late
To weigh the purpos'd Act. This is most sure,
The Consequence can ne'er be bad to me.
But, hark! he comes! the Closet opens: thus,
Prostrate, in low Submission, let me fall;
And wait my Royal Master's sacred Presence.

[*Kneels, and bows his Forehead to the Ground.*

Enter

Enter Orontes; still like a Moor.

Orontes. This Key was fortunate! unhappy Lady!
 Shock'd, and distracted, with a Crowd of Fears,
 For her Son's safety, she forgot to tell me
 What Country holds him; or his wretched Name!
 I shou'd have known all this! yet, if the Ring
 But strikes his Memory, I may meet Success.
Sizangar! Rise. *Caimantha* sends me to thee.

Sizangar. [*starting up.*] From what strange Place, on what
 strange Errand bent,
 Comes thy black Form? That dreadful Voice, which sounds
Caimantha's Name, bids me believe thee sent
 From those dark Regions, where the Dead reside.

Orontes. *Caimantha* is not dead: She lives in Power,
 Still to reward thee. *Virtue claims Reward;*
 But thou art now about to cast off *Virtue.*

Sizangar. *Caimantha* living! Moor, thou dream'st, Alas!
 These sorrowing Eyes, long since, beheld her perish.

Orontes. Wreck'd, but not lost; she floated on the Mast,
 'Till certain Fishermen, whom Fortune sent,
 To share the Terrors of that dreadful Storm;
 Found means to save her, in their batter'd Bark.
 Unknowing her Condition, at the Port,
 To which they steer'd, they left her. She had Jewels,
 Whose Sale procur'd her, Means, to live, disguis'd;
 And thirty rolling Years have pass'd away,
 While, o'er the Eastern World, from Shore to Shore,
 Under a Eunuch's borrow'd Name, and Dress,
 The roaming Empress sought Increase of Knowledge.

Sizangar. Thou hast amaz'd me! while I hear thee speak,
 My curdling Blood creeps slow; and Life stands still!

Orontes. More to amaze thee, closely view that Ring.

[*Gives him a Ring.*]

Sizangar.

Sizangar: By the immortal Chiefs of Heav'n! the same!
 When, in my Master's Absence, (he had, then,
 Made that rash Vow) the Empress bore a Son;
 And trusted *me*; then, but a hopeless Slave:
 Take him, said she, poor Infant! then she hung
 O'er his soft Smiles; and smother'd him with Kisse s:
 Take him: Then wept; and look'd again; and cry'd,
 Here, take him, take the dear, the hapless Babe,
 Unknowing, undeserving, his hard Fate!
 And, in some distant Land, preserve his Life.
 Give me a Token— then, I kneel'd; and gave
 This Ring. The same, ye Gods! I gave this Ring,
 Whene'er, said she, thou see'st this Ring again,
 (For who foreknows Events to come?) Then, trust
 The Hand, which brings it; and obey my Will.

Orontes. And, dost thou *not* obey it? wilt thou, now,
 By one foul act, discolour the fair Scene
 Of thy past Faith? *Caimantha's* Son must live,
 Or she dies with him, Think upon the Shock,
 All honest Natures must sustain, to see
 Such Goodness perish, by the means of him,
 Who owes his ev'ry Blessing to her Care!
 Has she escap'd the Dangers of the Deep?
 Have barb'rous Nations spar'd her, unoblig'd
 By her Humanity, nor owing ought
 To her untir'd Endeavours? and shalt *Thou*,
 O! let it ne'er be said! shalt *thou*, distinguish'd
 From all Mankind, and *living* but by Her
 Proof of her Grateful Soul! shalt thou betray her!
 It cannot be. I wrong thee but to think it.
 How wou'd those Strangers curse such Cruelty,
 Whose Hospitable Land, unknowing, shelters
 The Royal Youth! Think, when he is betray'd,
 How will thy sullied Name bear up, against
 A People's just Reproaches?

Sizangar. What Means this?
 His Ignorance in the Person, seems to prove

His Tale a Falsehood! But, the Ring? By Heaven!

All this is Prodigy! Inform me, Moor!

Who art thou? And how trusted with this Secret?

Orontes. Death! have I time, to answer idle Questions?

Perhaps, next Moment brings the Emp'r'r hither;

And, then, thou hast destroy'd *Caimantha's* Hope.

Sizangar. Villain! Thou art some Traitor to the State!

But what, or why, I know not.

Orontes. Ha! have a Care——

And tempt me not too far.

Sizangar. Yes, all thy Story

Is forg'd. Thou never didst behold *Caimantha*.

Orontes. Be the Gods Witnesses, that——

Sizangar. Slave! thou liest.

The Empress better had instructed thee.

She wou'd have told thee, that no Foreign State

Shelters the Royal Youth, Thou clumsy Traitor!

Thou Bungler in the Doctrine of Deceit!

The Empress knew, that *Siam*, Dotard! *Siam*,

Nourish'd her Son: And were she now alive,

Her Messenger had learnt, from her, to know,

Sofala's Tow'r, and not a Foreign Land,

Shelters *Orontes*.

Orontes. *Orontes*!

Sizangar. Yes; her Son *Orontes*.

Orontes. O! Day! and Night! my Mother?

Amazement! Has *Orontes* such a Mother?

Preserve her, gracious Gods! she sav'd this Son!

Twice sav'd him! Shall that Son not save that Mother?

Sizangar. Wake I? immortal Pow'rs! the Moor, *Orontes*?

What have I done! and what prodigious Chance

Has made this possible? my Prince! your Fate

Draws pity from me.

Orontes. Pity! Canst thou name Pity? Barb'rous Villain!

Pity the weakness of thy Coward Soul,

And dare be honest. Hence, at once, with me:

The Danger, which o'erhangs my Mother's Life,
Makes me impatient of a trifled Moment.
Dare not deny to follow me. The Empress
Gave me this Key: By this, we may, unseen;
Escape, the way I enter'd. Hark! he comes.

[A Noise without.

Wretch! stand not to debate: For, if thou dost,
By all the Pow'rs, who punish Vice like Thine,
I will not leave thee Life, to act thy Wish.

Emperor without.

Uncham. Bar fast the Palace-Gates: Double my Guards.
On, Selim, to my Closet; more of this, anon.

Sizangar. What shall I — ?

Orontes. Damn thy treacherous Pause!

Sizangar. I cannot.

I dare not go. I am too far engag'd.

Life, either way, is hazarded: The Danger
Is less, to tarry.

[Sizangar draws his Sword.

Orontes. O! for Lightning's Swiftmess!

At once to blast thee!

[They fight: Sizangar falls.

Live, my Royal Mother!

[Orontes goes out, on one side; and on the other,
enter Uncham, reading a Letter, with Selim.

Selim. [Aside] Sure, 'twas the clash of Swords! O'Heav'n!
he's dead!

How comes it, that there was a Cause for Murder?

Uncham. Selim! this Trifle has too long detain'd me:

Why hast thou tir'd me, with a long Account,

Of what Cambaja, or Pegu, design,

When Matters, of more Moment, call'd me hither?

Where is Sizangar? Ha! ye treach'rous Slaves!

What mean this Blood, and Murder?

*The Fatal Vision; or,**Enter two or three Soldiers, and seem astonish'd.**Selim.* By your Great Throne! *Sizangar*, here, lies dead!*Uncham.* Kill'd! in my Closet! what prodigious Treason
Could execute this Deed?*Sizangar*, [not yet quite dead] A Son of yours:
I faint! the conquer'd *Siam*—Oh! my Breath!
A Woman push'd him on—That Son, whom you—
Your Life is next—I cannot speak—Oh! Death! [Dies.]*Selim.* [Aside.] Tremble not thus, O Heart, nor, Coward Knees,
Betray me, now the dreadful Danger's past.*Uncham.* Confusion! Dead? O live till thou hast said,
Which of my Sons. I have but two! ye Gods!
Unless my Sacrifices, all were vain,
And I have idly bow'd to fancied Beings,
Restore him Breath, to name the Parricide!
Curse on th' unhear'd Prayer! ye Villains, fly,
Bring hither all, that boasting Art can do;
Cordials, Restoratives, Elixirs, Drugs:
And all the Tricks, which, with pretended Skill,
Physicians practise, when they gull Mankind.
For every Moment's Life, I'll give a Kingdom,
It will not be! he stiffens, as he lies!
O! Earth, and Seas! What Pow'r shall I invoke?
To end this half discover'd Tale of Treason?*Selim.* So much I tremble, at the dreadful View
Of your late Danger, that my bending Knees
Can scarce support the weight of my Surprise.*Uncham.* Had he but liv'd, to whisper, *Zarodin*,
Or breathe *Omake*, I had been reveng'd,
And thence been satisfied: But, now, I know,
The monstrous Crime, unknowing whom to punish.
Have I bred Vipers? wou'd they gnaw their way
To Empire, through, the Bowels of their Father?

Have

Have they—But oh! it is not they! 'Tis *one*,
But *which*? speak Skies! and answer that, in Thunder.

Selim. Might I presume! — But, be not angry, Sir,
If I offend: Might I presume to say,
Perhaps, you heard not right, his broken Accents!

Uncham. Death! didst thou sleep? didst thou not hear
him say

A Son of mine? Ha! Hell! Reflection names
Omalco! 'Tis *Omalco*! he, but now,
Pres'd me, by Letter, to confine *Sizangar*!
He pres'd me. For, says he, I much suspect,
He is a Traitor! Crafty, practis'd, Villain!
Sizangar having sent to beg Admission,
Guilt taught *Omalco* Fear. Had I, instead
Of sending for him hither, strait confin'd
The faithful, the unhappy Wretch, his Death
Had, then, been given, in private! Failing there
He took this bolder Method. Oh! 'tis plain!
Who else cou'd have a Key to enter here?
Only thy self; and these vile Sons? Again,
Did he not talk of *Siam*? and a Woman?
Push'd by a Woman! ha! fly to the Tow'r,
And bring *Ipanthe* hither.

[To the Soldiers.]

Selim. Royal Sir!

This Man, but now, brought me surprizing News,
That both *Orontes*, and the Captive Princess,
Are fled. But I, unwilling more to stir
Your too much ruffled Mind, forbade his Message.

Uncham. Prophetick Heart! who was observ'd, of Note,
To visit, last, the Captives?

Arbanes. Ere Lord *Selim*

Carried your Royal Order, both the Princes
Had been observ'd to pass the inmost Tow'r,
And seem'd disturb'd, as they return'd, and pensive.

Selim. (*Aside*.) Curse on thy meddling Tongue, thou prating
Slave!

Un-

Uncham. Enough! Can there be fairer Proof? Why, then
Resolve I not, to punish? Punish, whom?
Perhaps the Guilty may escape! Perhaps,
Neither is innocent! Both, say you?

Arbanes. Both.

Uncham. Wretches! they come! O Force of Arrogance!
They walk erect! and carry, in their Looks,
An unconcern'd Appearance!

Selim. Nature bends.

I cannot stay, to witness the Confusion,
Which these unhappy Youths must undergo.

[*Exit Selim.*]

*Enter Omalco, and Zarodin; with Ipanthe, still in
Man's Habit.*

Omalco. But half successful, in my Duty's Wish,
Great Sir! I scarce approach you, satisfied.
I hope, *Sizangar's* safe; for both his Prisoners,
But now escap'd. We have not, yet, been able
To find *Orontes*; but the — Ha! ye Pow'rs!
What means this Blood, amidst the Royal Closet?

Zarodin. Sir! Read I not Disorder in your Look?
Your Colour comes, and goes: You knit your Brow!
With earnest Teeth you press your Royal Lip;
And seem to labour, with some inward Pain!

Omalco. Ye Stars who shine upon my Father's Throne!
Avert all ill! and bless his Sacred Head,
From bloody Treason!

Uncham. Out! thou praying Villain!

Zarodin. Ha! what means this!

Omalco. Defend his Age from Madness!

Uncham. What Insolence of Guilt e'er match'd this Scene!
Guards, seize 'em; and disarm their impious sides
Of Weapons, vow'd to drink a Father's Blood.

[*Guards seize the Princes.*]

Za-

The Fall of S I A M.

27

Zarodin. I'm all Astonishment!

Ipanthe. (Aside.) Heav'n! have they then
Obey'd me? 'Tis an unwith'd Proof, of Love,
Unwelcome, and abhorr'd!

Omalco. This Sword was never drawn, but in your Cause,
It, always, was obedient to your Will,
And, thus, I kneel, to give it.

Uncham. Touch not me!
Defil'd, with black, unnatural, Rebellion,
And Murder, in its most exalted Guilt!

Omalco. I cannot fathom what Fate means by this!

Uncham. Where is the curs'd *Ipanthe*? for whose Love
You spurn the strictest Ties, of Law and Nature?
Let her be found; or, by the blushing Sun!
You buy her Safety, with the Death, you merit.

Zarodin. (Aside.) 'Tis fit, she yet remain unknown, whate'er
The Cause, or Consequence, of this may prove.

Omalco. (Aside.) Amaz'd, and anxious; wrongfully accus'd,
And all unknowing, whence this Tempest rose,
I look, with Pity, on *Ipanthe's* Danger,
And must conceal her. [Kneels to the Emperor.]

Royal Sir! if, e'er,
A partial Impulse drew a Father's Heart,
To beat, with tender Wishes, o'er a Son,
Permit me to inquire the wond'rous Cause
Of all this Rage? I ne'er offended you:
When you commanded, I disputed not;
To me, 'twas all sufficient to obey.
I never had a Wish that was not yours.

Uncham. Away! the Frailty of an old Man's Fondness
Wou'd cheat me to believe you — wrong'd, as I am,
I scald, with shameful Tears, these aged Eyes;
These Eyes, which had they clos'd before this Day,
And not borne Witness to their Master's Shame,
Had shut out Mis'ry; and been bless'd, with Blindness!
How are my promis'd Comforts fled away!

The

The Toil of Youth is lost! The last, weak, prop,
 Of sinking Age, is fall'n! Oh! wrack of Mind!
 How have I fool'd my self with fancied Bliss!
 How have these Sons made Death a welcome Thought,
 By Hope, that, when my Life's short Glass was run,
 I shou'd survive, in them! That, with the Fame,
 Their growing Years wou'd gain, my Memory
 Shou'd be reviv'd! My Name still heard, with theirs!
 False, flatt'ring View! 'Tis lost! Cruel, and rough,
 To all Mankind, to them, I have been soft,
 And mild, as Mothers to their erring Babes!

Omalco. If, from these Tears —

Uncham. O take 'em from my Sight!
 In close Confinement guard 'em, separate.
 Till I resolve — Furies! resolve on what?
 On what? hard Fates!

Omalco. Let me, at least, presume
 To ask, who my Accusers are?

Uncham. Away!
 I cannot bear you! my distemper'd Soul
 Beats high with Passion! and, my boiling Blood
 Rises against your Voice! away! be gone!

[*Exeunt Omalco, and Zarodin, guarded.*

Sees Ipanthe.] Ha! what art thou? and how admitted here,
 At such a time as this?

Ipanthe. (Aside.) What shall I say?

Uncham. Can't thou not speak? whose daring Insolence
 Gave Entrance to this Woman-fac'd Intruder?

Arbanes. I know him not; but, when the Princes came,
 He follow'd in.

Uncham. The Princes! seize him.

[*The Guards offer to seize Ipanthe, who
 draws a Dagger.*

Ipanthe.

Ipanthe. Villains, stand off! To Slaves, like you, my Liberty
Disdains to bow: I dare inform you, Sir!
Both, what, I am; and what I think you are.

Uncham. How barefac'd, and how monstrous is their Sin!
They brought this Boy-look'd Traitor, as most likely
To 'scape Suspicion: and that bloody Dagger
Declares his Errand. Death! the Cowards start;
At a drawn Weapon, in so weak a Hand!

[*Uncham advances to Ipanthe, and seizes her. In the Struggle, her Turbant drops off; and her Hair falls loose, over her Shoulders.*]

Ipanthe. Thou hadst not foil'd me thus, were I inspir'd
With equal Strength, and Will.

Uncham. O World of Woe!
What do my Eyes behold?

Ipanthe. A Scene of Misery!
Which thy Ambition, and thy Guilt have form'd:
A helpless Orphan, ruin'd by thy Crimes,
Lost to her Hopes, made wretched, by thy Sword,
And cursing thee, in vain.

Uncham. Scarce canst thou say,
In vain! Thy well instructed Parricides
Contriv'd their murd'ring Scheme, with matchless Art!
But this they might have spar'd! Two Rebel Sons
Had been enough to kill a weak old Man;
A Woman's Help was needless!

Ipanthe. When thy Sons
Provok'd my injur'd Honour, with a Proffer
Of Love, detested; I propos'd thy Death;
As the fix'd Price of what I scorn to sell.
This tempted thy vile Sons to a vile Deed:
A Deed, I tremble, thus, to see resolv'd!
For, tho', from me, thou merit'st Death; from them
The Punishment of Guilt, had been a Guilt,
Blacker than that it punish'd. But, thy Pride,
And restless Nature, mad, with wild Ambition,

Regardless to encourage Peace, and Virtue,
Have bred such horrid; and such frequent Crimes;
That none will wonder, when they hear, in China,
Of Things, unnatural!

Uncham. By all the Stars,
She owns it! glories in her shocking Guilt!
Life! what is Life, subject to Pains like mine!
Is this the State, we labour to preserve?
And can we tremble when the doleful Call
Of Death alarms us? On our Day of Birth,
The dismal mourning shou'd be worn: For, then
Begins our Scene of Woe; But, when we die,
The gayest Colours of the painted Sky
Shou'd be employ'd, to dress us!

Ipantbe. Let him muse on!
Would he but rightly think, kind Heav'n, perhaps,
Might let him see his Crimes. But, oh! *Orontes!*
For thee I tremble; where, alas! art thou?

Uncham. I blame you not, *Ipantbe*, for your Hate,
I blame you not, for loving your lost Father.
I make Allowances for your weak Sex:
For your fresh Mourning; and your Fall from State.
All I wou'd ask you, is, which of my Sons,
Was the rash Minister of your Revenge?

Ipantbe. I will not answer to so vile a Question.
When, first, *Ipantbe* stoops to Tyranny,
Then, call her weak; Then, triumph, in her Fall!
Superior to her Fate, see! how she smiles!
Disdainful of the Storm, that rises in thee!

Uncham. Ha! thou shalt feel what 'tis to tempt my Rage,
They shall both die, with thee, and thy *Orontes!*

Ipantbe. (*Aside.*) 'Tis as I fear'd! *Orontes* lost, my Life
Is grown below my Care.

Tyrant! I scorn
Thy threaten'd Vengeance. When *Ipantbe* dies,

Her Pains will end, where thine will but begin.
Pains ? There are none can match thy Sov'reign Guilt.

Uncham. Death ! Lend me Thunder, some controlling Pow'r,
Strike up, some more than mortal War of Sounds,
And quell the never-resting Tongue of Woman ;
Silence, on forfeit of thy Life, thy Clamour,
And let my Soul take Counsel. [Stands musing.]

Ipanthe. Life is an endless Warfare of the Mind !
The Ocean, made to suffer boisterous Storms,
Enjoys some lucid Intervals of Rest ;
Nor, always, carries Furrows, on its Brow !
But Mortals, in their Hearts, bear endless Tempests !
Softer than Zephyrs, were my late Ideas ;
The dreadful Judgment, form'd by present Doubt,
Is bitterer than Gall ! than Death more fear'd !

Uncham. It will not be ! In vain Reflection strives
To fix a single Guilt, on either Son !
The more I think, the more distracting Proofs
Of a combin'd Intention, shake my Soul !
To Ipanthe.] Wouldst thou but ease my Mind, amidst these
Doubts,

I swear, by all, that makes an Oath most solemn,
By Earth ! by Heav'n ! and, by yon glorious Sun,
Who carries Proofs of Godhead, in his Face,
To grant thee ev'ry Pray'r, thy Soul can wish.

Ipanthe. Before I speak ; suppose, I shou'd demand ;
(Thy Sons Endeavours having fail'd Success)
Suppose, thy Life, I, of thy self, require ?

Uncham. Of all thy bloody Thoughts, most welcome this !
Old, as I am, I never fear'd to die.
Cou'd they be innocent, for either Son,
I wou'd resign old Age, with youth-like Joy ;
Spring, to meet Fate, and bless thee, for my Death !

Ipanthe. Whate'er thou wou'd'st receive, I wou'd not grant.
Willing to die, 'Tis, therefore, thou shalt live !

Had I the Pow'r, to punish Crimes like thine,
I'd imitate the Vengeance of a God;
And give thee Immortality for Woe!

Uncham. Bear her to Dungeons, Darkness, Chains, and Death.

[*Exit Ipanthe, guarded.*]

Let not my Eyes, henceforth, be curs'd, with Woman!
Those soft Destroyers of deceiv'd Mankind!
By Heav'n! I'll sweep away the Sex, from *China*,
Unriddled once, they lose their Mystic Pow'r!
And only, rule, and influence, while unknown.
Search antient Story; look on modern Time;
Take Woman from us, and you leave no Crime.

[*Exit.*]

The End of the Fourth Act.

ACT

ACT V.

SCENE, The Palace.

Enter Selim, and Orontes, still disguis'd.

Oront. **A**ND did he, ere he dy'd, so name a Son?

Selim. He did, nor have I yet recall'd my Spirits,
Which fled, alarm'd at the encreasing Fear,
And left me trembling, 'till his fainting Voice
Deny'd him Utt'rance for a Tale so base.

Oront. Never came Death more timely, wretched Slave!
Thus may vile Treason, still prevented, fall!
But the two Princes? Ha! my Royal Mother!
My guiltless Brothers, by this chance betray'd!

Selim. Help me, *Orontes*, for whose dear lov'd sake,
Expos'd a friendless Wand'rer o'er the World,
I've stoop'd to court the Life, I else disdain'd;
Teach me, instruct me, to avoid this Mis'ry,
To 'scape this Tempest, which o'whelms my Hope,
And save their destin'd Innocence from Death.

Oront. Said you, from Death? The Gods forbid the Doubt.

Selim. Now, by my Soul, the rash, the headlong Man,
Fierce Passion's Slave, inflam'd, and deaf to Reason,
Deaf to the Calls of Nature, swore but now,
Swore, by an Oath, like that, which made me wretched,
That, neither owning Guilt, they both shou'd die;

Oront. And is it possible? Gods! is it possible,
That he shou'd perpetrate this horrid Deed?

Selim. Not surer is it, that yon glorious Sun
Shines on thy wretched Mother: Possible?
In his hot Rage all Ills are possible.

Still, from his Youth, impetuous, as a Storm,
Blind, and unweighing Consequence, he rush'd,
Headlong he rush'd, and acted every Wish;
He never purpos'd Ill, he not perform'd.

Oront. What, if to save them from th' impending Stroke,
I fly, undreading, to discover all,
And so prevent the Danger?

Selim. Heav'n forbid!

So shalt thou fall, a Victim to that Rage,
Thou wou'd'st, with impious Aim, avert from them.

Oront. What then can we resolve?

Selim. The Gods direct!

Oront. O! for a Band of those brave Souls, who fell
On Sagra's cursed Plain! Then wou'd I on,
Then wou'd I plunge amidst his bloody Guards,
And force the Brother Pris'ners from their Hands.

Selim. [*Aside.*] Oh! How this Honour Chasms me! [*To him.*]

Were this possible,

The guiltless Youths, in safety kept a while,
Till Reason's Dawn breaks in upon his Passion,
All might perhaps be well.

Oront. Ha! By the Stars!

The smiling Stars! the Wish may be attain'd;
As *Selim*, you had Pow'r to set me free,
Be *Selim* still, and use like Means for *Them*;
Twice fifty chosen Leaders came with me,
The Flow'r of *Siam*'s Empire! came with me,
Copartners in my Glories, and my Shame;
They shar'd my late Captivity, all came
All bore unwilling Part, and grac'd the Triumph,
'Midst whose insulting Shouts our Conqu'rors led us.
Oh! were but these made Masters of their Swords!
Speak, Royal Mother! May not this be done?

Selim. For ever bless'd be those propitious Pow'rs,
Which have inspir'd thy Courage, and thy Aim!
The glorious Task is to thy Hand perform'd.

By

By Means of my Authority ; already
I have set free the Warlike Chiefs of *Siam*,
And arm'd their Valour for thy noble Purpose ;
Nor doubt I, by the Plan, which I have laid,
To win the *Tartar* Captains to our Cause ;
They owe their envied Greatness to my Smiles ;
Haste, follow me ; your Friends, by this, expect you.

Oront. Genius of War ! look down, and bless my Arm !

[*Exeunt Orontes and Selim.*

*The SCENE opens, and discovers Uncham,
Omalco, Zarodin, and Arbanes.*

Uncham. Command, that *Selim* instantly attend us,
And bring, once more, that Fiend of *Siam* hither ;
That Female Devil ! [*Exit Arbanes*
Wretches ! To call you Sons,
Were to make Nature start, with strong Abhorrence.
We shall confront you with your Prize of Murder,
Your wish'd Reward of Parricide ! we shall !
Once more, we shall, before we take a Vengeance,
Dreadful, and shocking, as your Guilt, once more,
With fainting Hope, that it may yet be possible,
Both are not black alike, pursue the search
Of which is most a Villain.

Omal. If that Name,
(A Title no way fit for *China's* Sons)
Can be deserv'd by either, 'tis, at least,
Amidst my Misery, some Bliss, to know,
It cannot be *Omalco*.

Zarodin. Cannot, Brother ?
I hope, to say it cannot be *Omalco*,
Would not infer, it *can* be *Zarodin*.

Omal. I hope it cannot, Brother.

Uncham.

Uncham. Do not seek,
By vile, equivocating, damn'd Deceit,
To hide a Guilt, which, bury'd in the Centre,
Wou'd shake the World with Earthquakes, till disclos'd;
Whose black Contagion, Hell, unpoison'd yet
With so abhorr'd a Draught, wou'd vomit up,
To blot extinguish'd Day, and stain the Sun with
Traitors! inhumane Traitors! one of you
Murder'd *Sizangar* in my very Closet,

Omal. *Sizangar*, Sir?

Uncham. Nay, Wretch! deny it not,
His latest Gasp affirm'd it; and your Bane,
Your Devil, *Ipanthe*, who seduc'd you to it—
Scorning your base Compliance, has accus'd you.

Zarodin. Now, Brother! Can it be *Omalco* now?
O! All ye Gods of *China*! Can it be!
That he, this half my self, this Prince, this Brother,
So near my Heart, so lov'd! so seeming wise!
And so by me admir'd for various Virtues!
Cou'd think his Soul, bound by an Oath for vile
And offer Duty up to barb'rous Love?

Uncham. 'Tis, as I thought, *Omalco*: Yes, thy Letter,
Monster! thy subtle Letter, which advis'd,
I shou'd confine *Sizangar*; that instructs me,
That guides me; that confirms, that thou art he!
Immortal Regents of yon blazing World!
If you, as Priests persuade us, roll that Thunder,
Which can split Rocks, and shake the Globe to Atoms,
Now let it roar, now, now, assert your Justice,
And strike the guilty Rebel to the Centre.

Omal. Rage will have way, but if —

Uncham. Ha! Dar'st thou speak?
Hush my vex'd Soul to Peace, with humble Silence,
Or thou wilt raise a Storm, whose dreadful Fury
Will tear thee from the Basis of my Heart,
And scatter thee upon the Winds of Vengeance.

Omal.

Omal. If, *Zarodin!* Thou dar'st suspect my Virtue,
Thou giv'st me Cause to think that thine is feign'd;
For guilty Men will still judge others like them;
Thou know'st, when first the cruel Maid propos'd
The horrid Oath, I swore, with *Zarodin*;
Like him, deceiv'd, I swore; but shock'd, like him,
Flew, frightened, from the unintended Vow.

Uncham. Ha! was it sworn? O bloody Wretches! sworn?
Rage and Distraction! what a thing is Man!
Who wou'd not be a Beast, and drudge out Life
Beneath hard Burdens, rather than be *Man*,
And marry, and get Children, and be miserable?
Boast we of Reason? Curse on the empty Vanity!
'Tis but the want of *that* makes Brutes more happy,
Amidst their wretchedness, they cannot *think*;
And, therefore, cannot feel their Miseries.

Zarodin. Own it, *Omalco*, if thou hast been won
To follow blindly Love's imperious Call,
Our Royal Father's Mercy may forgive
A Fault, which not your Will, but Passion caus'd.

Omal. Forbear, rash Youth, to tempt a backward Rage;
Nor charge my Honour with a Crime, that's Thine,
One Son is guilty, and there are but Two.

Zarodin. It must be you, for I am Innocent!

Uncham. Now, by the Peace of my Forefathers Ghosts,
You both are Guilty, and you both shall die.
Children! and Sons! Call you these *Blessings*? Gods!
Look on my Voes, ye poor mistaken Fools,
Who spin out wretched Life in anxious Toils,
To leave your Children happy after you!
Such are the Comforts, which you vainly wish for.
These are the Joys, with which fond Hope deceives us;
These are the Ends, which crown a Parent's Care.
Let me forget, I gave these Monsters Being,
And seek some Vengeance, ample, as my Wrongs;
So Times to come shall say, when they report

My Miseries, that, as no Prince e'er felt
Torments like mine, none were like me reveng'd?

*Drums, Trumpets, and suddain shouts without; and clashing
of Swords.*

Enter Arbanes hastily.

Arban. The Gods preserve your Life, Imperial Master!
Treason, prodigious Treason breaks upon us!

Unch. What wouldst thou say? Why art thou pale, and
trembling?

And what imports this sudden sound of War?

Arban. As on the Guard, your faithful Soldiers stood,
Who keep the Gates of the *Sofalian* Tow'r,
Sudden, and unexpected, came upon them,
Arm'd at all Points, and furious as a Whirlwind;
The Captive Leaders of the Troops of *Siam*,
Assisted by some Men of Name in *China*,
Some Traitors most in Trust about your Person.

Unch. The Chiefs of *Siam*?

Arban. The most fam'd, and dreadful,
Of those, who threaten'd, late, to shake your Throne,
How freed I know not, but with head-long Rage,
They bear down all Opposers; and rush on,
With Force amazing, to some horrid Purpose.

Unch. Who leads them on? Saw you *Orontes* with them?

Arban. No, not *Orontes*; but an unknown Moor,
Fiercer than he, deals Death with fatal Hand,
Rolling his Eyes, stretching his swarthy Nostrills,
And, with white Teeth, hard biting his big Lips,
He looks, and dares, and does, beyond a Man.

Omal. Now, Brother, now! the Gods have giv'n Occasion,
To prove your boasted Virtue against mine:
The Guards, which lately watch'd us, at the Call
Of the shrill Trumpet, fled to the Alarm;

The Fall of S I A M.

59

Let us not hold our Liberty in vain.
O! That the Army, we so lately led,
Surrounded now, Great Sir, your Royal Person!
You, free from Danger, I cou'd know no Fear;
But come, distrustful *Zarodin*! let's on;
'Tis easy here to prove, which Son most loves
His Father's Life; he, who defends it best,
Can never be the Traitor, he requires.

[*Exit O. mico*
Zarod. O! By my Hopes of Glory, bravely thought!
My ravish'd Soul leaps high, to snatch the Offer;
Judge me, dread Sir, by what I now perform,
And if I act less bravely in your Cause
Than my proud Brother, in this glorious Trial,
Be mine the Punishment; and his the Honour.

[*Exit Zarodin.*
Unch. This mock Appearance of high Virtue in them,
Confounds me, more, than my new Danger can;
Arbanes! swift as Lightning, cross the Square;
And, thro' the Temple, bring to my Assistance,
The *Zarian* Band, that keeps its holy Entrance;

[*Exit Arbanes*
If there be Fire, in Majesty provok'd,
These Hostile Slaves shall dearly buy the Blood,
The rashness of their Enterprize has cost me.

[*Exit Uncham.*
Enter Selim, with Ipanthe.

Selim. Thus, have I told thee all the great Design,
And ev'ry op'ning Wonder, which produc'd it;
Henceforth, *Ipanthe* shall not need to blush
At the low Birth of her belov'd *Orontes*,
The Son of *China's* Monarch, will not shame
Confess'd Affection in the Heir of *Siam*;
Haste, this way leads to an Appartment, where

Conceal'd, and safe, we may attend th' Event,
'Till you are free for ever; follow me.

Shouts, and clashing of Swords again.

Ipant. Hark! How the dismal Noise of Battel rises!
The Gods preserve *Orontes*! Gentle Empress,
How are we sure, amidst this Scene of Slaughter,
Push'd by his Courage, high beyond Example,
He may not fall, a Victim to his Virtue,
And make the fatal Day for ever curs'd?

Selim. Fear not, fair Princess, Innocence, and Honour,
Are the peculiar Care of watchful Heav'n;
Uncham's rash Vow had else took Place; and Steel,
Not Love, had pierc'd *Orontes'* Noble Heart!
From this near Window, which commands a View
Of half the City, we may see what passes;
Will you look out?

Ipant. Alas! my trembling Heart
Forbids me, with a Fear, that something fatal
May meet my Eyes; and curse their curious wand'ring,

[Selim goes to the Window.]

Ipant. Tell me, what see you?

Selim. 'Tis not in my Tongue
To speak the Wonders, which my Eyes behold;
Wide as the spacious Square, the Battel spreads,
Oh Gods! How truly dreadful is this Scene!
One way the Emp'ror, rash, and furious, strides
From Death, to Death; amidst a shining Crowd
Of Swords, and Lances, bent a thousand Ways:
And now *Orontes*! (Let them not meet, good Heav'n!)
Orontes, follow'd by a glorious Few,
Rushes amidst them; from his conqu'ring Arm
They fly! They open! See! where-e'er he comes,
There is no Battel! Ha! —

Loud shouting without.

Ipanth. What means that shouting?

Selim. From the West Corner of the Square, that joins
To the near Temple, swarms a sudden Aid;
The *Zarian* Band—— I know them by their Ensigns;
And now they join—— And now they cover All;
Ha! They surround! Help him, ye gracious Gods!
They hem him in. O! I can see no more——
Happy art thou, whose Fear forbade thy Eyes
The dismal Object! — Hark! the Noise comes nearer,
I hear them ent'ring;— From a neighb'ring Closet
We may, unseen, observe the fear'd Event.

[Exit Selim, and Ipanthe.]

*Enter Uncham, with Orontes's Sword in his Hand; and Orontes
Prisoner, attended by Arbanes, and Soldiers.*

Unch. I thank ye, Stars! Immortal Sun! I thank thee!
Thou hast, this Day, shone kindly on my Arms,
And giv'n back Youth, and Glory: Brave *Arbanes*!
Lead back the faithful Soldiers, who have follow'd us,
And search, and bring to my glad Arms, those *Sons*,
Those matchless *Sons*, whose noble Deeds, this Day,
Shame my Remembrance; and upbraid their Father,
With false Suspicion of corruptless Innocence;
Go, scatter the faint Remnant of these Slaves;
And bring their Conqu'rors to my burning Bosom.

[Exit Arbanes, follow'd by the Soldiers.]

Unch. Now, tell me, thou black Master of War's Art!
Thou dreadful unknown Enemy, what art thou?

Oront. I am a Man, well pleas'd to hear you say,
You wrong'd your noble Sons with low Suspicion.

Unch. My Sons? why, what are my Sons Wrongs to Thee;
That thou shou'dst feel a Pleasure in their Innocence?

Oront.

Oront. Whoe'er I am, and howe'er strange it seems !
To free those Sons, and save them from thy Rashness,
Was the sole End, for which my Arms oppos'd thee;
Was the sole End, for which the Foes of *China*,
The gen'rous Chiefs of *Siam*, won their Liberty ;
And have, so bravely, sold their Lives in vain.

Unch. New Wonders ! Do I wake ? Thou talk'st in Riddles.

Oront. Bid your great Soul be calm, and you shall hear.

Unch. Ere thou go'st on, I charge thee, on thy Life,
Speak, plainly, who thou art ;

Oront. You knew *Sizangar*—

Unch. Why dost thou name *Sizangar* ?

Oront. That *Sizangar*
Was a base Villain.

Unch. Well : Suppose him Villain ;
Thou can'st not be *Sizangar* !

Oront. No ; thank Heav'n !
I was his Punisher.

Unch. How so ?

Oront. I kill'd him.

Unch. Thou ?

Oront. I, within thy Closet, kill'd him.

Unch. 'Tis impossible !

Oront. *Selim* shall witness for me ; Honest *Selim*
Abhorr'd a Villain ; see ! This Key was *Selim's*.

Unch. Did *Selim* give you Entrance to my Closet ?

Oront. He did,

Unch. What, trusty *Selim* ?

Oront. Even that *Selim*,
Who always lov'd your Peace ; who fought it always ;
But most in this ; as you shall own hereafter ;
When, free from Passion, with unruffled Brow,
Patience shall lend you Leisure to attend it.

Unch. I am so us'd, of late, to fresh Amazements ;
So swiftly, Wonders dance before my Eye,
Close treading on the Heels of one another,

That

That I shall strait be fond enough to think,
That this is possible. But hold ! *Sizanger*
Fell, by Son of mine ; He *said*, he fell so ;
Was he indeed a Villain ?

Oront. A most base one.

Unch. Why, if he was a Villain, he might lie ;
Brave, injur'd, pious Sons ! Dumb now,
To think, how I have wrong'd you ; Noble Moor !
Thou hast brought Comfort to me. *Why* thou kill'st him
I will not ask thee now, speak that hereafter.
If by thy Arm he dy'd, be thou immortal ;
Take back thy Sword, a braver Hand than thine
Can never grasp it ; teach me to express
The Joy thou giv'st me, and thou shalt be worship'd
In *China*, like some Tutelary Pow'r ;
But now, I was a childless, wretched Man,
And thou, thou honest Moor, at once hast made me
Again a Father, and happy as a God !

Oront. I doubt not, mighty Prince ! to make you happy,
Most truly happy, when you hear me further ;
But more of that, when Time shall——

Shouting again.

Unch. Ha ! They come, blest Sons !
He, who escaping from some dismal Storm,
Meets, on the welcome Beach, his dearest Friend,
Whom, just before, the Waves had swallow'd down,
Tastes but a faint Resemblance of my Joy !
Omalco comes ! and faithful *Zarodin* !
My much wrong'd Sons ! Both come to bless my Bosom !
To heal my galling Wounds of Misery,
And tell me with what Pleasure they forgive me.

Enter

*Enter Arbanes, bloody.**Unch.* Where are my noble Sons?*Arba.* Oh! Sir they come,

But——

Unch. But; what? Immortal Gods! What wou'dst thou,
By that portending But?*Arba.* No sooner had you left the fatal Place,
But, with a sudden, high-redoubled, Rage,
The Chiefs of *Siam*, who, before, seem'd fainting,
Sustain'd, and re-inforc'd, by six Revolters
Who led a Squadron of your *Tartar* Guards,
Fir'd with revengeful Fury, grew resistless;
And gain'd so far, on our dishearten'd Bands,
That the brave Prince *Omalco*, beaten down,
Amidst unnumber'd Wounds; and trampled o'er
By crowding Enemies, Oh! ghefs the rest.*Unch.* Thou can't not, Villain! dar'st not, for thy Soul,
Say, he is dead.*Oront.* The gracious Gods forbid!*Arba.* The gen'rous *Zarodin*, who saw, from far,
His Brother's Danger, flew to his Assistance;
In vain a hundred Spears oppos'd his Way:Fierce as a hunted Lion in the Toils,
He threw himself upon the pointed Steel;
His Sword high-brandish'd o'er his Princely Head,
And his Eyes glowing red with breaking Vengeance,
Give me *Omalco*, cry'd the noble Youth,
Give me my Brother, whom I lately wrong'd
With poor Distrust; look up, my lov'd *Omalco*,
And see thy *Zarodin*, in Death, deserve thee;
He wou'd have said much more; but then, just then,
A Host of Lances pierc'd, at once, his Bosom;
And all, that I cou'd hear, was, in low Accents,
Fate, Father--- Innocence--- and poor, lost Brother---

I

Unch.

The Fall of SIAM.

65

Unch. Strike me some Thunderbolt, or I am mad!

Oront. Oh! How has Destiny misguided All!

Unch. Black, damn'd, deceitful Villain, thou shalt die!

Unch. draws and offers to kill Orontes.

Oront. I will defend my self; but hurt not you:
Hear me, O mighty Emperor, hold! and hear me!
I have a wond'rous Secret to disclose.

Unch. Curse on my feeble Arm! **Arbanes!** help me.

Arbanes joins with the Emperor, and attacks Orontes.

Oront. Nay then--- Thou hast no sacred Shield to guard thee.

*Orontes strikes the Emperor, and thrusts
him thro' with his sword.*

A Sudden Shout.

Arba. Great Sir, retire! The conqu'ring Chiefs of Siam
Enter your Palace; See! They come, retire.

*Enter three or four Captains of Siam, driving
in several Soldiers.*

1st Capt. Where is our General? Give us our Orontes:
Oh! Baseness! See! Revenge, and Victory!
All Capt. Revenge and Victory!

*They rush at once upon the Emperor, and thrust
him thro' with their Swords, he falls.*

Oront. Oh! hold your bloody Hands, mistaken Men!
What have you done? This rash, this well-meant Act,
Has more than kill'd me, while it gives me Life!

1st Capt. What have we done? Is't not the Emperor?

K

Enter

*The Fatal Vision: or,**Enter Selim and Ipanthe.**Sel.* Oh! Son! Oh, why have thus the Gods undone us?*Ipan.* Oh, my *Orontes*! Guard my trembling Heart.*Ipanthe runs to Orontes; Selim weeps**weeping over the Emperor.**Oront.* Oh, Mother! Royal Mother! Great *Caimantha*!
Fate has unravel'd wrong the Plot we laid;*Unch.* I have yet strength, amidst the Pangs of Death,
To turn my Eyes up at *Caimantha's* Name,
Art thou *Caimantha*?*Selim.* 'Tis my wretched Name.*Oront.* Oh! 'Tis too long a Tale! Thus, on my Knees,
Caimantha's Son calls *China's* Monarch Father.*Unch.* I ghefs the wondrous Story! All-just Gods!
How vainly Man wou'd shun, what Heav'n resolves!
The Vision is too fatally fulfill'd!
The Punishment is just; I thank you, Heav'n!
I have a Son yet left! I thank you, Heav'n!
I have a Wife; and live to say, I wrong'd her,
To say so, and be pardon'd; Oh! *Caimantha*!*Dies, and the Empress faints.**Ipan.* The Empress faints! Help, help her!*Oront.* Rigid Stars!*1st Capt.* The Princes, whom we, now, must call your
(Brothers,Tho' wounded, far beyond all Hope of Cure,
Live yet; and, by our Soldiers, were convey'd
Into a near Apartment of the Palace,
I doubt not, but they, yet, have Sense, and Strength,
To hear, and understand, the fatal Story.

The Fall of S I A M.

67

Ipant. Oh ! see ! she now revives !

Empress. Oh ! Day of Woe !

Oront. Bear the sad Empress to the pious Brothers,
That, as she wakes, yet further, into Life,
She may bestow a parting Blessing on them,
And teach them, how the Punishment they share
Follow'd a Father's Crimes, and not their Innocence.

*The Empress is led off, betwixt Arbaces,
and the first Captain of Siam.*

Oh ! my *Ipanthe*, thou, whom Heav'n has made,
A soft Atonement for the Woes I feel !
Restor'd to *Siam's* Throne, reign happy on it ;
And, if you shall vouchsafe to share the Sceptre
Of *China's* Empire, by this fatal Chance
Fall'n to my Hand ; jointly to rule, with thee,
Will make Dominion's Burthen worth the Bearing.

Ipant. Struck with a mix'd Astonishment and Horror,
Lab'ring 'twixt Gratitude and Apprehension,
I just recover Strength, in *Uncham's* Son
To thank my great Deliv'rer. Yes, *Orantes*,
A Vow has bound my Soul, to grant thy Pray'r,
Nobly compleating, thus, thy promis'd Service !
How full of Windings are the mazy Paths,
Thro' which our Sins are trac'd to Punishment !
How is Ambition curs'd ! Unhappy Monarch !
Vainly attempting Heav'n's Decrees to shun,
Avenging Heav'n has turn'd thy Means against thee !
And nothing cou'd have giv'n thee Woes like these,
But struggling to avoid 'em. Ruin'd *Siam*,
Wrong'd as she is, must weep for her Destroyer.

Oront. Hear thy afflicted Soul, with Views of Comfort :
Be it our Task, in a long happy Reign
To teach the doubting Nations, blind to Truth,
That Kingly Pow'r can never grow too mighty ;

But, in the future Progreſs of our Days,
 Let this Example teach us, how to ſhun
 The blind Effects of Rage, and Superſtition;
 Since, in the Conſequences of our Sin,
 Not we our ſelves feel Punishment alone,
 But Childrens Sufferings Parents Guilt atone.

Exeunt omnes.

F I N I S.

THE EPILOGUE.

Spoke by Mrs. CROSS.

THE Female Poſſe of our varying State,
Jointly impatient of their lowering Fate,
Were coming in a Body, all about ye,
Plainly to let you know—
Cruel, as you are, They cannot live without ye;
But tho' indeed it cou'd be thought no wonder,
In Tragedy to entertain with Thunder,
Yet, ſince the Learn'd in Sounds have queſtion'd, whether
Mens Ears can bear Ten Womens Tongues together;
And ſince to ſtrike you Deaf were our undoing,
I'm come without them, all alone a Wooing:
I come, in ſhort, plainly to tell my Mind,
Which is, in downright Engliſh, you're unkind;
A Woman ſpeaks, will you not liſten to her?
Once you were Men of other Moulds, I'm ſure:
And, as Men ſhou'd do, you lov'd Change of Old,
What, but Two Stages, and muſt One catch Cold?
The Old Houſe, out upon't! O ſie for Shame!
The Ladies ſhou'd be frighted at the Name:
Once it was otherwiſe, and ſome of you
Have lik'd Things ne'er the worſe for being New;
But Taſtes will change, and, rather than complain,
We'll ſtrive to court you in your Fav'rite Strain;
Pray therefore, ſober Sirs, be pleas'd to know,
We've young, freſh Actreſſes, whom we don't ſhow;

Because, of late, your Practice seems to own;
You like That best, which you have longest known;
Then certainly you'll ease Us of our Fears,
For, by our Tell-Tale Records, it appears,
That you've known some of us these Twenty Years:
Won't that do neither? ——— Hang me if it will:
No, no, I find you'll be for changing still;
Well then, if you must change, ———
Do it like Statesmen, and in Time restrain
The growing Pow'r of Rival Drury-Lane;
What, tho' you long have, partially, been kind,
Shall Their good Fortune make them think You blind?
Proud as They are, make This a lucky Cast.
And, having won you, Faith, we'll hold you fast.